

*Strachey*

THE

# Romance of the Forest:

INTERSPERSED WITH

SOME PIECES OF POETRY.

“ Ere the bat hath flown  
“ His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons,  
“ The shard-born beetle, with his drowfy hums,  
“ Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done  
“ A deed of dreadful note.”

MACBETH.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

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BY ANN RADCLIFFE,

AUTHOR OF

“A SICILIAN ROMANCE,” &c.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR HOOKHAM AND CARPENTER,  
NO. 14, OLD BOND STREET.

M.DCC.XCVI.

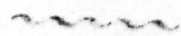
Account of the Hotel:

THE HOTEL  
IN THREE VOLUMES  
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THE  
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CHAPTER XV.

"Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,  
"And woo the weary to profound repose!"

BEATTIE.

ADELINE, mean while, and Peter, proceeded on their voyage, without any accident, and landed in Savoy, where Peter placed her upon the horse, and himself walked beside her. When he came within sight of his native mountains, his extravagant joy burst forth into frequent exclamations, and he would often ask Adeline if she had ever seen such hills in France. "No, no," said he, "the  
VOL. III. B "hills

“ hills there are very well for French  
 “ hills, but they are not to be named on  
 “ the same day with ours.” Adeline, lost  
 in admiration of the astonishing and tremendous scenery around her, assented very warmly to the truth of Peter’s assertion, which encouraged him to expatiate more largely upon the advantages of his country ; its disadvantages he totally forgot ; and though he gave away his last sous to the children of the peasantry that run bare-footed by the side of the horse, he spoke of nothing but the happiness and content of the inhabitants.

His native village, indeed, was an exception to the general character of the country, and to the usual effects of an arbitrary government ; it was flourishing, healthy, and happy ; and these advantages it chiefly owed to the activity and attention of the benevolent clergyman whose cure it was.

Adeline, who now began to feel the effects of long anxiety and fatigue, much wished



wished to arrive at the end of her journey, and enquired impatiently of Peter concerning it. Her spirits, thus weakened, the gloomy grandeur of the scenes which had so lately awakened emotions of delightful sublimity, now awed her into terror; she trembled at the sound of the torrents rolling among the cliffs, and thundering in the vale below, and shrunk from the view of the precipices, which sometimes overhung the road, and at others appeared beneath it. Fatigued as she was, she frequently dismounted to climb on foot the steep flinty road, which she feared to travel on horseback.

The day was closing when they drew near a small village at the foot of the Savoy Alps, and the sun, in all his evening splendour, now sinking behind their summits, threw a farewell gleam athwart the landscape, so soft and glowing, as drew from Adeline, languid as she was, an exclamation of rapture.

The romantic situation of the village next attracted her notice. It stood at the foot of several stupendous mountains, which formed a chain round a lake at some little distance, and the woods that swept from their summits almost embosomed the village. The lake, unruffled by the lightest air, reflected the vermilion tints of the horizon with the sublime scenery on its borders, darkening every instant with the falling twilight.

When Peter perceived the village, he burst into a shout of joy : " Thank God ! " said he, " we are near home ; there is " my dear native place. It looks just " as it did twenty years ago ; and there " are the same old trees growing round " our cottage yonder, and the huge rock " that rises above it. My poor father " died there, Ma'amfelle. Pray heaven " my sister be alive ; it is a long while " since I saw her." Adeline listened with a melancholy pleasure to these artless expressions of Peter, who, in retracing the  
the

the scenes of his former days, seemed to live them over again. As they approached the village, he continued to point out various objects of his remembrance. “ And there, too, is the good  
 “ pastor’s chateau ; look, Ma’amselle,  
 “ that white house, with the smoke curl-  
 “ ling, that stands on the edge of the lake  
 “ yonder. I wonder whether he is alive  
 “ yet. He was not old when I left the  
 “ place, and as much beloved as ever man  
 “ was ; but death spares nobody !”

They had by this time reached the village, which was extremely neat, though it did not promise much accommodation. Peter had hardly advanced ten steps before he was accosted by some of his old acquaintance, who shook hands, and seemed not to know how to part with him. He enquired for his sister, and was told she was alive and well. As they passed on, so many of his old friends flocked round him, that Adeline became quite weary of the delay. Many whom he  
 had

had left in the vigour of life, were now tottering under the infirmities of age, while their sons and daughters, whom he had known only in the playfulness of infancy, were grown from his remembrance, and in the pride of youth. At length they approached the cottage, and were met by his sister, who, having heard of his arrival, came and welcomed him with unfeigned joy.

On seeing Adeline, she seemed surprised, but assisted her to alight, and conducting her into a small but neat cottage, received her with a warmth of ready kindness which would have graced a better situation. Adeline requested to speak with her alone, for the room was now crowded with Peter's friends, and then acquainting her with such particulars of her circumstances as it was necessary to communicate, desired to know if she could be accommodated with lodging in the cottage. "Yes, Ma'amselle," said the good woman, "to such as it is, you  
"are

“are heartily welcome; I am only sorry  
 “it is not better. But you seem ill  
 “Ma’amfelle; what shall I get you?”

Adeline, who had been long struggling with fatigue and indisposition, now yielded to their pressure. She said, she was indeed, ill; but hoped that rest would restore her, and desired a bed might be immediately prepared. The good woman went out to obey her, and soon returning, shewed her to a little cabin, where she retired to a bed, whose cleanliness was its only recommendation.

But, notwithstanding her fatigue, she could not sleep, and her mind, in spite of all her efforts, returned to the scenes that were passed, or presented gloomy and imperfect visions of the future.

The difference between her own condition, and that of other persons, educated as she had been, struck her forcibly, and she wept. “They,” said she, “have  
 “friends and relations, all striving to  
 “save them, not only from what may  
 “hurt,

" hurt, but what may displease them;  
 " watching not only for their present  
 " safety, but for their future advantage,  
 " and preventing them even from in-  
 " juring themselves. But during my  
 " whole life I have never known a friend;  
 " have been in general surrounded by  
 " enemies, and very seldom exempt  
 " from some circumstance either of dan-  
 " ger or calamity. Yet, surely I am not  
 " born to be for ever wretched; the  
 " time will come when"—She began  
 to think she might one time be happy;  
 but recollecting the desperate situation  
 of Theodore, " No," said she, " I can  
 " never hope even for peace!"

Early the following morning, the good  
 woman of the house came to enquire  
 how she had rested, and found she had  
 slept little, and was much worse than on  
 the preceding night. The uneasiness  
 of her mind contributed to heighten the  
 feverish symptoms that attended her, and  
 in the course of the day her disorder be-  
 gan

gan to assume a serious aspect. She observed its progress with composure, resigning herself to the will of God, and feeling little to regret in life. Her kind hostess did every thing in her power to relieve her, and there was neither physician nor apothecary in the village, so that nature was deprived of none of her advantages. Notwithstanding this, the disorder rapidly increased, and on the third day from its first attack she became delirious; after which, she sunk into a state of stupefaction.

How long she remained in this deplorable condition she knew not; but, on recovering her senses, she found herself in an apartment very different from any she remembered. It was spacious and almost beautiful, the bed and every thing around being in one stile of elegant simplicity. For some minutes she lay in a trance of surprise, endeavouring to recollect her scattered ideas of the past, and almost fearing to move, lest the pleasing vision should vanish from her eyes.

At length she ventured to raise herself, when she presently heard a soft voice speaking near her, and the bed curtain on one side was gently undrawn by a beautiful girl. As she leaned forward over the bed, and with a smile of mingled tenderness and joy, enquired of her patient how she did. Adeline gazed in silent admiration upon the most interesting female countenance she had ever seen, in which the expression of sweetness, united with lively sense and refinement, was chastened by simplicity.

Adeline at length recollected herself sufficiently to thank her kind enquirer, and begged to know to whom she was obliged, and where she was? The lovely girl pressed her hand, "'Tis we who are obliged," said she. "Oh! how I rejoice to find that you have recovered your recollection." She said no more, but flew to the door of the apartment, and disappeared. In a few minutes she returned with an elderly lady, who, approaching

proaching the bed with an air of tender interest, asked concerning the state of Adeline, to which the latter replied, as well as the agitation of her spirits would permit, and repeated her desire of knowing to whom she was so greatly obliged. " You shall know that hereafter," said the lady ; " at present be assured, that " you are with those who will think their " care much overpaid by your recovery ; " submit, therefore, to every thing that " may conduce to it, and consent to be " kept as quiet as possible."

Adeline gratefully smiled, and bowed her head in silent assent. The lady now quitted the room for a medicine ; having given which to Adeline, the curtain was closed, and she was left to repose. But her thoughts were too busy to suffer her to profit by the opportunity. She contemplated the past, and viewed the present, and, when she compared them, the contrast struck her with astonishment. The whole appeared like one of those  
sudden

sudden transitions so frequent in dreams, in which we pass from grief and despair, we know not how, to comfort and delight.

Yet she looked forward to the future with a trembling anxiety, that threatened to retard her recovery, and which, when she remembered the words of her generous benefactress, she endeavoured to suppress. Had she better known the disposition of the persons in whose house she now was, her anxiety, as far as it regarded herself, must in a great measure have been done away; for La Luc, its owner, was one of those rare characters to whom misfortune seldom looks in vain, and whose native goodness, confirmed by principle, is uniforming and unassuming in its acts. The following little picture of his domestic life, his family and his manners, will more fully illustrate his character: it was drawn from the life, and its exactness will, it is hoped, compensate for its length.

## THE FAMILY OF LA LUC.

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" But half mankind, like Handel's fool, destroy,  
 " Through rage and ignorance, the strain of joy;  
 " Irregularly wild their passions roll  
 " Through Nature's finest instrument, the soul:  
 " While men of sense, with Handel's happier skill,  
 " Correct the taste and harmonize the will;  
 " Teach their affections, like his notes, to flow,  
 " Nor rais'd too high, nor ever sunk to low;  
 " 'Till ev'ry virtue, measur'd and refin'd,  
 " As fits the concert of the master mind,  
 " Melts in its kindred sounds, and pours along  
 " Th' according music of the moral song."

CAWTHORNE.

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In the village of Lelencourt, celebrated for its picturesque situation at the foot of the Savoy Alps, lived Arnaud La Luc, a clergyman, descended from an ancient family of France, whose decayed fortunes occasioned them to seek a retreat in Switzerland, in an age when the violence of civil commotion seldom spared the conquered. He was minister of the village, and equally loved for the

piety

piety and benevolence of the Christian, as respected for the dignity and elevation of the philosopher. His was the philosophy of nature, directed by common sense: he despised the jargon of the modern schools, and the brilliant absurdities of systems, which have dazzled without enlightening, and guided without convincing, their disciples.

His mind was penetrating; his views extensive; and his systems, like his religion, were simple, rational, and sublime. The people of his parish looked up to him as to a father; for while his precepts directed their minds, his example touched their hearts.

In early youth La Luc lost a wife whom he tenderly loved: this event threw a tincture of soft and interesting melancholy over his character, which remained, when time had mellowed the remembrance that occasioned it. Philosophy had strengthened, not hardened, his heart; it enabled him to resist the  
pres-

pressure of affliction, rather than to overcome it.

Calamity taught him to feel with peculiar sympathy the distresses of others. His income from the parish was small, and what remained from the divided and reduced estates of his ancestors did not much increase it; but, though he could not always relieve the necessities of the indigent, his tender pity and holy conversation seldom failed in administering consolation to the mental sufferer. On these occasions the sweet and exquisite emotions of his heart have often induced him to say, that could the voluptuary be once sensible of these feelings, he would never after forego "the luxury of doing good."--- "Ignorance of true pleasure," he would say, "more frequently than temptation to that which is false, leads to vice."

La Luc had one son and a daughter, who were too young, when their mother died, to lament their loss. He loved them

them with peculiar tenderness, as the children of her whom he never ceased to deplore; and it was for some time his sole amusement to observe the gradual unfolding of their infant minds, and to bend them to virtue. His was the deep and silent sorrow of the heart; his complaints he never obtruded upon others, and very seldom did he even mention his wife. His grief was too sacred for the eye of the vulgar. Often he retired to the deep solitude of the mountains, and amid their solemn and tremendous scenery, would brood over the remembrance of times past, and resign himself to the luxury of grief. On his return from these little excursions, he was always more placid and contented: a sweet tranquillity, which arose almost to happiness, was diffused over his mind, and his manners were more than usually benevolent. As he gazed on his children, and fondly kissed them, a tear would sometimes steal into his eye, but  
it

it was a tear of tender regret, unmingled with the darker qualities of sorrow, and was most precious to his heart.

On the death of his wife he received into his house a maiden sister, a sensible, worthy woman, who was deeply interested in the happiness of her brother. Her affectionate attention and judicious conduct anticipated the effect of time in softening the poignancy of his distress, and her unremitted care of his children, while it proved the goodness of her own heart, attracted her more closely to his.

It was with inexpressible pleasure that he traced in the infant features of Clara the resemblance of her mother. The same gentleness of manner, and the same sweetness of disposition, soon displayed themselves; and as she grew up, her actions frequently reminded him so strongly of his lost wife, as to fix him in reveries, which absorbed all his soul.

Engaged in the duties of his parish, the education of his children, and in  
philo-

philosophic research, his years passed in tranquillity. The tender melancholy with which affliction had tinged his mind, was, by long indulgence, become dear to him, and he would not have relinquished it for the brightest dream of airy happiness. When any passing incident disturbed him, he retired for consolation to the idea of her he so faithfully loved, and yielding to a gentle, and what the world would call, a romantic sadness, gradually reassumed his composure. This was the secret luxury to which he withdrew from temporary disappointment---the solitary enjoyment which dissipated the cloud of care, and blunted the sting of vexation---which elevated his mind above this world, and opened to his view the sublimity of another.

The spot he now inhabited, the surrounding scenery, the romantic beauties of the neighbouring walks, were dear to La Luc, for they had once been loved  
by

by Clara; they had been the scenes of her tenderness, and of his happiness.

His chateau stood on the borders of a small lake that was almost environed by mountains of stupendous height, which, shooting into a variety of grotesque forms, composed a scenery singularly solemn and sublime. Dark woods, intermingled with bold projections of rock, sometimes barren, and sometimes covered with the purple bloom of wild flowers, impended over the lake, and were seen in the clear mirror of its waters. The wild and alpine heights which rose above were either crowned with perpetual snows, or exhibited tremendous crags and masses of solid rock, whose appearance was continually changing as the rays of light were variously reflected on their surface, and whose summits were often wrapt in impenetrable mists. Some cottages and hamlets, scattered on the margin of the lake, or seated in picturesque points of view on the rocks above, were the only objects  
that

that reminded the beholder of humanity.

On the side of the lake, nearly opposite to the chateau, the mountains receded, and a long chain of Alps were seen stretching in perspective. Their innumerable tints and shades, some veiled in blue mists, some tinged with rich purple, and others glittering in partial light, gave luxurious and magical colouring to the scene.

The chateau was not large, but it was convenient, and was characterised by an air of elegant simplicity and good order. The entrance was a small hall, which, opening by a glass door into the garden, afforded a view of the lake, with the magnificent scenery exhibited on its borders. On the left of the hall was La Luc's study, where he usually passed his mornings; and adjoining was a small room fitted up with chymical apparatus, astronomical instruments, and other implements of science. On the right was the

the family parlour, and behind it a room which belonged exclusively to Madame La Luc. Here were deposited various medicines and botanical distillations, together with the apparatus for preparing them. From this room the whole village was liberally supplied with physical comfort; for it was the pride of Madame to believe herself skilful in relieving the disorders of her neighbours.

Behind the chateau rose a tuft of pines, and in front a gentle declivity, covered with verdure and flowers, extended to the lake, whose waters flowed even with the grass, and gave freshness to the acacias that waved over its surface. Flowering shrubs, intermingled with mountain ash, cypresses, and ever-green oak, marked the boundary of the garden.

At the return of spring it was Clara's care to direct the young shoots of the plants, to nurse the budding flowers, and to shelter them with the luxuriant branches of the shrubs from the cold blasts

blasts that descended from the mountains. In summer she usually rose with the sun, and visited her favourite flowers while the dew yet hung glittering on their leaves. The freshness of early day, with the glowing colouring which then touched the scenery, gave a pure and exquisite delight to her innocent heart. Born amid scenes of grandeur and sublimity, she had quickly imbibed a taste for their charms, which taste was heightened by the influence of a warm imagination. To view the sun rising above the Alps, tinging their snowy heads with light, and suddenly darting his rays over the whole face of nature—to see the fiery splendor of the clouds reflected in the lake below, and the roseate tints first steal upon the rocks above—were among the earliest pleasures of which Clara was susceptible. From being delighted with the observance of nature, she grew pleased with seeing her finely imitated, and soon displayed a taste for poetry

and painting. When she was about sixteen she often selected from her father's library those of the Italian poets most celebrated for picturesque beauty, and would spend the first hours of morning in reading them under the shade of the acacias that bordered the lake. Here too she would often attempt rude sketches of the surrounding scenery, and at length by repeated efforts, assisted by some instruction from her brother, she succeeded so well as to produce twelve drawings in crayon, which were judged worthy of decorating the parlour of the chateau.

Young La Luc played the flute, and she listened to him with exquisite delight, particularly when he stood on the margin of the lake, under her beloved acacias. Her voice was sweet and flexible, though not strong, and she soon learned to modulate it to the instrument. She knew nothing of the intricacies of execution; her airs were simple, and her style equally so; but she soon gave them a touch-

touching expression, inspired by the sensibility of her heart, which seldom left those of her hearers unaffected.

It was the happiness of La Luc to see his children happy, and in one of his excursions to Geneva, whither he went to visit some relations of his late wife, he bought Clara a lute. She received it with more gratitude than she could express; and having learned one air, she hastened to her favorite acacias, and played it again and again, till she forgot every thing besides. Her little domestic duties, her books, her drawing, even the hour which her father dedicated to her improvement, when she met her brother in the library, and with him partook of knowledge, even this hour passed unheeded by. La Luc suffered it to pass. Madame was displeased that her niece neglected her domestic duties, and wished to reprove her, but La Luc begged she would be silent. "Let experience teach her her error," said he;

"precept seldom brings conviction to young minds."

Madame objected that experience was a slow teacher. "It is a sure one," replied La Luc, "and is not unfrequently the quickest of all teachers: when it cannot lead us into serious evil, it is well to trust to it."

The second day passed with Clara as the first, and the third as the second: she could now play several tunes; she came to her father and repeated what she had learnt.

At supper the cream was not dressed, and there was no fruit on the table: La Luc inquired the reason; Clara recollected it, and blushed. She observed, that her brother was absent, but nothing was said. Toward the conclusion of the repast he appeared; his countenance expressed unusual satisfaction, but he seated himself in silence. Clara inquired what had detained him from supper, and learnt that he had been to a sick family

in the neighbourhood, with the weekly allowance which her father gave them. La Luc had intrusted the care of this family to his daughter, and it was her duty to have carried them their little allowance on the preceding day, but she had forgot every thing but music.

"How did you find the woman?" said La Luc to his son.—"Worse, Sir," he replied; "for her medicines had not been regularly given, and the children had had little or no food to-day."

Clara was shocked. "No food to-day!" said she to herself, "and I have been playing all day on my lute under the acacias by the lake!" Her father did not seem to observe her emotion but turned to his son. "I left her better," said the latter; "the medicines I carried eased her pain, and I had the pleasure to see her children make a joyful supper."

Clara,

Clara, perhaps, for the first time in her life, envied him his pleasure; her heart was full, and she sat silent. "No food to-day!" thought she.

She retired pensively to her chamber. The sweet serenity with which she usually went to rest was vanished, for she could no longer reflect on the past day with satisfaction.

"What a pity," said she, "that what is so pleasing should be the cause of so much pain! This lute is my delight, and my torment!" This reflection occasioned her much internal debate; but before she could come to any resolution upon the point in question, she fell asleep.

She awoke verily early the next morning, and impatiently watched the progress of the dawn. The sun at length appearing, she arose, and determined to make all the atonement in her power for her former neglect, hastened to the cottage.

Here she remained a considerable time, and when she returned to the chateau her countenance had recovered all its usual serenity ; she resolved, however, not to touch her lute that day.

Till the hour of breakfast she busied herself in binding up the flowers, and pruning the shoots that were too luxuriant, and she at length found herself she scarcely knew how, beneath her beloved acacias by the side of the lake. “ Ah !” said she, with a sigh, “ how sweetly “ would the song I learned yesterday, “ found now over the waters !” But she remembered her determination, and checked the step she was involuntarily taking towards the chateau.

She attended her father in the library at the usual hour, and learned, from his discourse with her brother on what had been read the two preceding days, that she had lost much entertaining knowledge. She requested her father would inform her to what this conversation alluded ;

luded; but he calmly replied, that she had preferred another amusement at the time when the subject was discussed, and must therefore content herself with ignorance. "You would reap the rewards of study from the amusements of idleness," said he; "learn to be reasonable—do not expect to unite inconsistencies."

Clara felt the justness of this rebuke, and remembered her lute. "What mischief has it occasioned!" sighed she. "Yes, I am determined not to touch it all this day. I will prove that I am able to control my inclinations when I see it necessary so to do." Thus resolving, she applied herself to study with more than usual assiduity.

She adhered to her resolution, and towards the close of day went into the garden to amuse herself. The evening was still and uncommonly beautiful. Nothing was heard but the faint shivering of the leaves, which returned but at intervals,

vals, making silence more solemn, and the distant murmurs of the torrents that rolled among the cliffs. As she stood by the lake, and watched the sun slowly sinking below the Alps, whose summits were tinged with gold and purple; as she saw the last rays of light gleam upon the waters whose surface was not curled by the lightest air, she sighed, "Oh! how  
 " enchanting would be the sound of my  
 " lute at this moment, on this spot,  
 " and when every thing is so still around  
 " me!"

The temptation was too powerful for the resolution of Clara: She ran to the chateau, returned with the instrument to her dear acacias, and beneath their shade continued to play till the surrounding objects faded in darkness from her sight. But the moon arose, and, shedding a trembling lustre on the lake, made the scene more captivating than ever.

It was impossible to quit so delightful a spot; Clara repeated her favourite airs  
 again

again and again. The beauty of the hour awakened all her genius; she never played with such expression before, and she listened with increasing rapture to the tones as they languished over the waters and died away on the distant air. She was perfectly enchanted, "No! nothing  
"was ever so delightful as to play on  
"the lute beneath her acacias, on the  
"margin of the lake, by moon-light!"

When she returned to the chateau, supper was over. La Luc had served Clara, and would not suffer her to be interrupted.

When the enthusiasm of the hour was passed, she recollected that she had broken her resolution, and the reflection gave her pain. "I prided myself on  
"controlling my inclinations," said she,  
"and I have weakly yielded to their  
"directions. But what evil have I incurred by indulging them this evening? I have neglected no duty, for I  
"had none to perform. Of what then  
"have

"have I to accuse myself? It would  
 "have been absurd to have kept my  
 "resolution, and denied myself a plea-  
 "sure when there appeared no reason  
 "for this self denial."

She paused, not quite satisfied with  
 this reasoning. Suddenly resuming her  
 inquiry, "But how" said she, "am  
 "I certain that I should have resisted  
 "my inclinations if there *had* been a  
 "reason for opposing them? if the  
 "poor family whom I neglected yester-  
 "day had been unsupplied to-day, I  
 "fear I should again have forgotten  
 "them while I played on my lute on  
 "the banks of the lake."

She then recollected all that her father  
 had at different times said on the sub-  
 ject of self-command, and she felt some  
 pain.

"No," said she, "If I do not con-  
 "sider that to preserve a resolution,  
 "which I have once solemnly formed,  
 "is a sufficient reason to control my in-  
 "clinations,

"clinations, I fear no other motive  
 "would long restrain me. I seriously  
 "determined not to touch my lute this  
 "whole day, and I have broken my re-  
 "solution. To-morrow perhaps I may  
 "be tempted to neglect some duty, for  
 "I have discovered that I cannot rely  
 "on my own prudence. Since I cannot  
 "conquer temptation, I will fly from  
 "it."

On the following morning she brought her lute to La Luc, and begged he would receive it again, and at least keep it till she had taught her inclinations to submit to control.

The heart of La Luc swelled as she spoke. "No, Clara," said he, "it is unnecessary that I should receive your lute; the sacrifice you would make proves you worthy of my confidence. Take back the instrument; since you have sufficient resolution to resign it when it leads you from duty, I doubt not that you will be able to control

"its influence now that it is restored to you."

Clara felt a degree of pleasure and pride at these words, such as she had never before experienced; but she thought, that to deserve the commendation they bestowed, it was necessary to complete the sacrifice she had begun. In the virtuous enthusiasm of the moment, the delights of music were forgotten in those of aspiring to well-earned praise; and when she refused the lute thus offered she was conscious only of exquisite sensations. "Dear Sir," said she, tears of pleasure swelling in her eyes, "allow me to deserve the praises which you bestow, and then I shall indeed be happy."

La Luc thought she had never resembled her mother so much as at this instant, and, tenderly kissing her, he for some moments wept in silence. When he was able to speak, "you do already deserve my praises," said he, "and I restore

“ I restore your lute as a reward for the  
 “ conduct which excites them.” This  
 scene called back recollections too tender  
 for the heart of La Luc, and giving  
 Clara the instrument, he abruptly quitted  
 the room.

La Luc's son, a youth of much promise, was designed by his father for the church, and had received from him an excellent education, which, however, it was thought necessary he should finish at an university; that of Geneva was fixed upon by La Luc. His scheme had been to make his son not a scholar only; he was ambitious that he should also be enviable as a man. From early infancy he had accustomed him to hardihood and endurance, and, as he advanced in youth, he encouraged him in manly exercises, and acquainted him with the useful arts, as well as with abstract science.

He was high spirited and ardent in his temper, but his heart was generous  
 and

and affectionate. He looked forward to Geneva, and to the new world it would disclose, with the sanguine expectations of youth ; and in the delight of these expectations was absorbed the regret he would otherwise have felt at a separation from his family.

A brother of the late Madame La Luc, who was by birth an Englishwoman, resided at Geneva with his family. To have been related to his wife was a sufficient claim upon the heart of La Luc, and he had, therefore, always kept up an intercourse with Mr. Audley, though the difference in their characters, and manner of thinking, would never permit this association to advance into friendship. La Luc now wrote to him, signifying an intention of sending his son to Geneva, and recommending him to his care ; to this letter Mr. Audley returned a friendly answer ; and a short time after, an acquaintance of La Luc's being called to Geneva, he determined that his son

son should accompany him. The separation was painful to La Luc, and almost insupportable to Clara. Madame was grieved, and took care that he should have a sufficient quantity of medicines put up in his travelling trunk ; she was also at some pains to point out their virtues, and the different complaints for which they were requisite ; but she was careful to deliver her lecture during the absence of her brother.

La Luc, with his daughter, accompanied his son on horse-back to the next town, which was about eight miles from Leloncourt, and there again enforcing all the advice he had formerly given him respecting his conduct and pursuits, and again yielding to the tender weakness of the father, he bade him farewell. Clara wept, and felt more sorrow at this parting than the occasion could justify ; but this was almost the first time she had known grief, and she artlessly yielded to its influence.

La

La Luc and Clara travelled pensively back, and the day was closing when they came within view of the lake, and soon after the chateau. Never had it appeared gloomy till now ; but now, Clara wandered forlornly through every deserted apartment where she had been accustomed to see her brother, and recollected a thousand little circumstances, which, had he been present, she would have thought immaterial, but on which imagination now stamped a value. The garden, the scenes around, all wore a melancholy aspect, and it was long ere they resumed their natural character, and Clara recovered her vivacity.

Near four years had elapsed since this separation, when one evening, as Madame La Luc and her niece were sitting at work together in the parlour, a good woman in the neighbourhood desired to be admitted. She came to ask for some medicines, and the advice of Madame La Luc. “ Here is a sad accident hap-  
 pened

"pened at our cottage, Madam," said she; "I am sure my heart aches for the poor young creature."—Madame La Luc desired she would explain herself, and the woman proceeded to say, that her brother Peter, whom she had not seen for so many years, was arrived, and had brought a young lady to her cottage, who she verily believed was dying. She described her disorder, and acquainted Madame with what particulars of her mournful story Peter had related, failing not to exaggerate such as her compassion for the unhappy stranger and her love of the marvellous prompted.

The account appeared a very extraordinary one to Madame; but pity for the forlorn condition of the young sufferer induced her to enquire farther into the affair. "Do let me go to her, Madam," said Clara, who had been listening with ready compassion to the poor woman's narrative: "Do suffer me to go—she must want comforts, and I wish much  
" to

“ to see how she is.” Madame asked some farther questions concerning her disorder, and then, taking off her spectacles, she rose from her chair and said she would go herself. Clara desired to accompany her. They put on their hats and followed the good woman to the cottage, where, in a very small, close room, on a miserable bed, lay Adeline, pale, emaciated, and unconscious of all around her. Madame turned to the woman and asked how long she had been in this way, while Clara went up to the bed, and taking the almost lifeless hand that lay on the quilt, looked anxiously in her face. “ She observes nothing,” said she, “ poor creature ! I wish she was at the “ chateau, she would be better accommodated, and I could nurse her there.” The woman told Madame La Luc, that the young lady had lain in that state for several hours. Madame examined her pulse, and shook her head. “ This “ room is very close,” said she.—“ Very “ close,

"close, indeed," cried Clara, eagerly;  
 "surely she would be better at the cha-  
 "teau, if she could be moved."

"We will see about that," said her  
 aunt. "In the mean time, let me speak  
 "to Peter; it is some years since I saw  
 "him." She went to the outer room,  
 and the woman ran out of the cottage to  
 look for him. When she was gone,  
 "This is a miserable habitation for the  
 "poor stranger," said Clara; "she will  
 "never be well here: do, Madame, let  
 "her be carried to our house; I am  
 "sure my father would wish it. Be-  
 "sides, there is something in her features,  
 "even inanimate as they now are, that  
 "prejudices me in her favour."

"Shall I never persuade you to give  
 "up that romantic notion of judging  
 "people by their faces?" said her aunt:  
 "What sort of a face she has is of very  
 "little consequence—her condition is la-  
 "mentable, and I am desirous of amend-  
 "ing

"ing it; but I wish first to ask Peter  
 "a few questions concerning her."

"Thank you, my dear aunt," said Clara; "she will be removed then?"  
 Madame La Luc was going to reply, but Peter now entered, and, expressing great joy at seeing her again, enquired how Monsieur La Luc and Clara did. Clara immediately welcomed honest Peter to his native place, and he returned her salutation with many expressions of surprise at finding her *so much grown*—  
 "Though I have so often dandled you  
 "in my arms, Ma'amselle, I should  
 "never have known you again. Young  
 "twigs shoot fast, as they say."

Madame La Luc now enquired into the particulars of Adeline's story, and heard as much as Peter knew of it, being only that his late master found her in a very distressed situation, and that he had himself brought her from the Abbey to save her from a French Marquis.

The

The simplicity of Peter's manner would not suffer her to question his veracity, though some of the circumstances he related excited all her surprise, and awakened all her pity. Tears frequently stood in Clara's eyes during the course of his narrative, and when he concluded, she said, " Dear Madam, I am sure, " when my father learns the history of " this unhappy young woman, he will " not refuse to be a parent to her, and " I will be her sister."

" She deserves it all," said Peter, " for she is very good indeed." He then proceeded in a strain of praise, which was very unusual with him.—" I " will go home and consult with my " brother about her," said Madame La Luc, rising: " she certainly ought to " be removed to a more airy room. " The chateau is so near, that I think " she may be carried thither without " much risk."

" Heaven

"Heaven bless you! Madam," cried Peter, rubbing his hands, "for your goodness to my poor young Lady."

La Luc had just returned from his evening walk when they reached the chateau. Madame told him where she had been, and related the history of Adeline and her present condition. "By all means have her removed hither," said La Luc, whose eyes bore testimony to the tenderness of his heart. "She can be better attended to here than in Susan's cottage"

"I knew you would say so, my dear father," said Clara; "I will go and order the green bed to be prepared for her."

"Be patient, niece," said Madame La Luc; "there is no occasion for such haste: some things are to be considered first; but you are young and romantic."—La Luc smiled.—"The evening is now closed," resumed Madame;

dame; " it will, therefore, be dangerous  
 " to remove her before morning. - Early  
 " to-morrow a room shall be got ready,  
 " and she shall be brought here; in the  
 " mean time I will go and make up a  
 " medicine, which I hope may be of service to her."—Clara reluctantly assented to this delay, and Madame La Luc retired to her closet.

On the following morning, Adeline, wrapped in blankets, and sheltered as much as possible from the air, was brought to the chateau, where the good La Luc desired she might have every attention paid her, and where Clara watched over her with unceasing anxiety and tenderness. She remained in a state of torpor during the greater part of the day, but towards evening she breathed more freely; and Clara, who still watched by her bed, had at length the pleasure of perceiving that her senses were restored. It was at this moment that she found herself

herself in the situation from which we have digressed to give this account of the venerable La Luc and his family. The reader will find that his virtues and his friendship to Adeline deserved this notice.

## CHAPTER

## CHAPTER XVI.

- “ Still Fancy, to herself unkind,
- “ Awakes to grief the soften'd mind,
- “ And points the bleeding friend.”

COLLINS.

ADELINÉ, assisted by a fine constitution, and the kind attentions of her new friends, was, in little more than a week, so much recovered as to leave her chamber. She was introduced to La Luc, whom she met with tears of gratitude, and thanked him for his goodness, in a manner so warm, yet so artless, as interested him still more in her favour. During the progress of her recovery, the sweetness of her behaviour had entirely won the heart of Clara, and greatly interested that of her aunt, whose reports of Adeline, together with the praises

praies bestowed by Clara, had excited both esteem and curiosity in the breast of La Luc; and he now met her with an expression of benignity, which spoke peace and comfort to her heart. She had acquainted Madame La Luc with such particulars of her story, as Peter, either through ignorance, or inattention, had not communicated, suppressing only, through a false delicacy, perhaps, an acknowledgement of her attachment to Theodore. These circumstances were repeated to La Luc, who, ever sensible to the sufferings of others, was particularly interested by the singular misfortunes of Adeline.

Near a fortnight had elapsed since her removal to the chateau, when one morning La Luc desired to speak with her alone. She followed him into his study, and then, in a manner the most delicate, he told her, that, as he found she was so unfortunate in her father, he desired she would henceforth consider him as her parent,

rent, and his house as her home. " You  
 " and Clara shall be equally my daugh-  
 " ters," continued he; " I am rich in ha-  
 " ving such children."--The strong emo-  
 tions of surprise and gratitude for some  
 time kept Adeline silent.--" Do not thank  
 " me," said La Luc; " I know all you  
 " would say, and I know also that I am  
 " but doing my duty. I thank God  
 " that my duty and my pleasures are  
 " generally in unison." Adeline wiped  
 away the tears which his goodness had  
 excited, and was going to speak; but  
 La Luc pressed her hand, and, turning  
 away to conceal his emotion, walked out  
 of the room.

Adeline was now considered as a part  
 of the family, and in the parental kind-  
 ness of La Luc, the filitery affection of  
 Clara, and the steady and uniform re-  
 gard of Madame, she would have been  
 happy as she was thankful, had not un-  
 ceasing anxiety for the fate of Theodore,  
 of whom in this solitude she was less

likely than ever to hear, corroded her heart, and embittered every moment of reflection. Even when sleep obliterated for awhile the memory of the past, his image frequently arose to her fancy, accompanied by all the exaggerations of terror. She saw him in chains, and struggling in the grasp of ruffians, or saw him led, amidst the dreadful preparations for execution, into the field: she saw the agony of his look, and heard him repeat her name in frantic accents, till the horrors of the scene overcame her, and she awoke.

A similarity of taste and character attached her to Clara, yet the misery that preyed upon her heart, was of a nature too delicate to be spoken of, and she never mentioned Theodore even to her friend. Her illness had yet left her weak and languid, and the perpetual anxiety of her mind contributed to prolong this state. She endeavoured, by strong, and almost continual efforts, to  
abstract

abstract her thoughts from their mournful subject, and was often successful. La Luc had an excellent library, and the instruction it offered at once gratified her love of knowledge, and withdrew her mind from painful recollections. His conversation, too, afforded her another refuge from misery.

But her chief amusement was to wander among the sublime scenery of the adjacent country, sometimes with Clara, though often with no other companion than a book. There were indeed times when the conversation of her friend imposed a painful restraint, and, when given up to reflection, she would ramble alone through scenes, whose solitary grandeur assisted and soothed the melancholy of her heart. Here she would retrace all the conduct of her beloved Theodore, and endeavour to recollect his exact countenance, his air, and manner. Now she would weep at the remembrance, and then, suddenly considering that he had,

perhaps, already suffered an ignominious death for her sake, even in consequence of the very action which had proved his love, a dreadful despair would seize her, and, arresting her tears, would threaten to bear down every barrier that fortitude and reason could oppose.

Fearing longer to trust her own thoughts, she would hurry home, and by a desperate effort would try to lose, in the conversation of La Luc, the remembrance of the past. Her melancholy, when he observed it, La Luc attributed to a sense of the cruel treatment she had received from her father; a circumstance which, by exciting his compassion, endeared her more strongly to his heart; while that love of rational conversation, which, in her calmer hours, so frequently appeared, opened to him a new source of amusement in the cultivation of a mind eager for knowledge, and, susceptible of all the energies of genius. She found a melancholy pleasure in listening

tening to the soft tones of Clara's lute, and would often soothe her mind by attempting to repeat the airs she heard.

The gentleness of her manners, partaking so much of that pensive character which marked La Luc's, was soothing to his heart, and tinged his behaviour with a degree of tenderness that imparted comfort to her, and gradually won her entire confidence and affection. She saw with extreme concern, the declining state of his health, and united her efforts with those of the family to amuse and revive him.

The pleasing society of which she partook, and the quietness of the country, at length restored her mind to a state of tolerable composure. She was now acquainted with all the wild walks of the neighbouring mountains, and, never tired of viewing their astonishing scenery; she often indulged herself in traversing alone their unfrequented paths, where now and then a peasant from a neighbouring village

lage was all that interrupted the profound solitude. She generally took with her a book, that if she perceived her thoughts inclined to fix on the one object of her grief, she might force them to a subject less dangerous to her peace. She had become a tolerable proficient in English while at the convent, where she received her education, and the instruction of La Luc, who was well acquainted with the language, now served to perfect her. He was partial to the English; he admired their character, and the constitution of their laws, and his library contained a collection of the best authors, particularly of their philosophers and poets. Adeline found that no species of writing had power so effectually to withdraw her mind from the contemplation of its own misery as the higher kinds of poetry, and in these her taste soon taught her to distinguish the superiority of the English over that of the French. The genius of the language, more, perhaps,

haps, than the genius of the people, if, indeed, the distinction may be allowed, occasioned this.

She frequently took a volume of Shakespeare or Milton, and having gained some wild eminence, would seat herself beneath the pines, whose low murmurs soothed her heart, and conspired with the visions of the poet to lull her to forgetfulness of grief.

One evening, when Clara was engaged at home, Adeline wandered alone to a favorite spot among the rocks that bordered the lake. It was an eminence which commanded an entire view of the lake, and of the stupendous mountains that environed it. A few ragged thorns grew from the precipice beneath, which descended perpendicularly to the water's edge; and above rose a thick wood of larch, pine, and fir, intermingled with some chesnut and mountain ash. The evening was fine, and the air so still, that it scarcely waved the light leaves of  
the

the trees around, or rimples the broad expanse of the waters below. Adeline gazed on the scene with a kind of still rapture, and watched the sun sinking amid a crimson glow, which tinted the bosom of the lake, and the snowy heads of the distant Alps. The delight which the scenery inspired,

“ Soothing each gust of passion into peace,  
 “ All but the swellings of the soften’d heart,  
 “ That waken, nor disturb, the tranquil mind !”

was now heightened by the tones of a French horn, and looking on the lake, she perceived, at some distance, a pleasure boat. As it was a spectacle rather uncommon in this solitude, she concluded the boat contained a party of foreigners come to view the wonderful scenery of the country, or perhaps of Genevois, who chose to amuse themselves on a lake, almost as grand, though much less extensive, than their own; and the latter conjecture was probably just.

As

As she listened to the mellow and enchanting tones of the horn, which gradually sunk away in distance, the scene appeared more lovely than before, and finding it impossible to forbear attempting to paint in language what was so beautiful in reality, she composed the following

S T A N Z A S.

How smooth that lake expands its ample breast !

Where smiles in soften'd glow the summer sky :  
How vast the rocks that o'er its surface rest !

How wild the scenes its winding shores supply !

Now down the western steep slow sinks the sun,

And paints with yellow gleam the tufted woods :  
While here the mountain-shadows, broad and dun,  
Sweep o'er the crystal mirror of the floods.

Mark how his splendour tips with partial light

Those shatter'd battlements ! that on the brow  
Of yon bold promontory burst to fight

From o'er the woods that darkly spread below.

In the soft blush of light's reflected power,  
 The ridgy rock, the woods that crown its steep,  
 Th' illumin'd battlement, and darker tower,  
 On the smooth wave in trembling beauty sleep.  
  
 But lo! the sun recalls his fervid ray,  
 And cold, and dim, the wat'ry visions fail;  
 While o'er yon cliff, whose pointed craggs decay,  
 Mild Evening draws her thin empurpled veil!  
  
 How sweet that strain of melancholy horn!  
 That floats along the slowly-ebbing wave;  
 And up the far-receding mountains borne,  
 Returns a dying close from Echo's cave!  
  
 Hail! shadowy forms of still, expressive Eve!  
 Your pensive graces stealing on my heart,  
 Bid all the fine-attun'd emotions live,  
 And fancy all her loveliest dreams impart.

---

La Luc, observing how much Adeline  
 was charmed with the features of the  
 country, and desirous of amusing her  
 melancholy, which, notwithstanding her  
 efforts, was often too apparent, wished  
 to shew her other scenes than those to  
 which her walks were circumscribed.

He

He proposed a party on horseback to take a nearer view of the Glaciers; to attempt their ascent was a difficulty and fatigue to which neither La Luc, in his present state of health, nor Adeline, were equal. She had not been accustomed to ride single, and the mountainous road they were to pass, made the experiment rather dangerous; but she concealed her fears, and they were not sufficient to make her wish to forego an enjoyment such as was now offered her.

The following day was fixed for this excursion. La Luc and his party arose at an early hour, and having taken a slight breakfast, they set out towards the Glacier of Montanvert, which lay at a few leagues distance. Peter carried a small basket of provisions; and it was their plan to dine on some pleasant spot, in the open air.

It is unnecessary to describe the high enthusiasm of Adeline, the more complacent pleasure of La Luc, and the transports

transports of Clara, as the scenes of this romantic country shifted to their eyes. Now frowning in dark and gloomy grandeur, it exhibited only tremendous rocks, and cataracts rolling from the heights into some deep and narrow valley, along which their united waters roared and foamed, and burst away to regions inaccessible to mortal foot; and now the scene arose less fiercely wild;

“The pomp of groves and garniture of fields”  
were intermingled with the ruder features of nature, and while the snow froze on the summit of the mountain, the vine blushed at its foot.

Engaged in interesting conversation, and by the admiration which the country excited, they travelled on till noon, when they looked round for a pleasant spot where they might rest and take refreshment. At some little distance they perceived the ruins of a fabric, which had once been a castle; it stood nearly  
on

on a point of rock that overhung a deep valley ; and its broken turrets rising from among the woods that embosomed it, heightened the picturesque beauty of the object.

The edifice invited curiosity, and the shades repose---La Luc and his party advanced.

“ Deep struck with awe, they mark’d the dome  
“ o’erthrown,

“ Where once the beauty bloom’d, the warrior  
“ shone :

“ They saw the *castle’s* mould’ring tow’rs decay’d,

“ The loose stone tottering o’er the trembling  
“ shade.”

They seated themselves on the grass, under the shade of some high trees, near the ruins. An opening in the woods afforded a view of the distant Alps---the deep silence of solitude reigned. For some time they were lost in meditation.

Adeline felt a sweet complacency, such as she had long been a stranger to. Looking at La Luc, she perceived a  
tear

tear stealing down his cheek, while the elevation of his mind was strongly expressed on his countenance. He turned on Clara his eyes, which were now filled with tenderness, and made an effort to recover himself.

“ The stillness and total seclusion of  
 “ this scene,” said Adeline, “ those stupendous mountains, the gloomy grandeur of these woods, together with  
 “ that monument of faded glory on  
 “ which the hand of time is so emphatically impressed, diffuse a sacred enthusiasm over the mind, and awaken  
 “ sensations truly sublime.”

La Luc was going to speak; but Peter coming forward, desired to know whether he had not better open the wallet, as he fancied his honour and the young ladies must be main hungry, jogging on so far up hill and down before dinner. They acknowledged the truth of honest Peter's suspicion, and accepted his hint.

Refresh-

Refreshments were spread on the grass, and having seated themselves under the canopy of waving woods, surrounded by the sweets of wild flowers, they inhaled the pure breeze of the Alps, which might be called spirit of air, and partook of a repast, which these circumstances rendered delicious.

When they arose to depart, "I am unwilling," said Clara, "to quit this charming spot. How delightful would it be to pass one's life beneath these shades, with the friends who are dear to one!"---La Luc smiled at the romantic simplicity of the idea; but Adeline sighed deeply to the image of felicity, and of Theodore, which it recalled, and turned away to conceal her tears.

They now mounted their horses, and soon after arrived at the foot of Montanvert. The emotions of Adeline, as she contemplated in various points of view the astonishing objects around her, surpassed all expression; and the feelings  
of

of the whole party were too strong to admit of conversation. The profound stillness which reigned in these regions of solitude, inspired awe, and heightened the sublimity of the scenery to an exquisite degree.

“It seems,” said Adeline, “as if we were walking over the ruins of the world, and were the only persons who had survived the wreck. I can scarcely persuade myself that we are not left alone on the globe.”

“The view of these objects,” said La Luc, “lifts the soul to their Great Author, and we contemplate with a feeling almost too vast for humanity---the sublimity of his nature in the grandeur of his works.”---La Luc raised his eyes, filled with tears, to heaven, and was for some moments lost in silent adoration.

They quitted these scenes with extreme reluctance; but the hour of the day, and the appearance of the clouds, which

which seemed gathering for a storm, made them hasten their departure. Adeline almost wished to have witnessed the tremendous effect of a thunder storm in these regions.

They returned to Leloncourt by a different route, and the shade of the overhanging precipices was deepened by the gloom of the atmosphere. It was evening when they came within view of the lake, which the travellers rejoiced to see, for the storm so long threatened was now fast approaching; the thunder murmured among the Alps, and the dark vapours that rolled heavily along their sides heightened their dreadful sublimity. La Luc would have quickened his pace, but the road winding down the steep side of a mountain, made caution necessary. The darkening air and the lightnings that now flashed along the horizon terrified Clara, but she withheld the expression of her fear in consideration of her

her father. A peal of thunder, which seemed to shake the earth to its foundations, and was reverberated in tremendous echoes from the cliffs, burst over their heads. Clara's horse took fright at the sound, and setting off, hurried her with amazing velocity down the mountain towards the lake, which washed its foot. The agony of La Luc, who viewed her progress in the horrible expectation of seeing her dashed down the precipice that bordered the road, is not to be described.

Clara kept her seat, but terror had almost deprived her of sense. Her efforts to preserve herself were mechanical, for she scarcely knew what she did. The horse, however, carried her safely almost to the foot of the mountain, but was making towards the lake, when a gentleman who travelled along the road caught the bridal as the animal endeavoured to pass. The sudden stopping of the horse, threw Clara to the ground,  
and,

and, impatient of restraint, the animal burst from the hand of the stranger, and plunged into the lake. The violence of the fall deprived her of recollection; but while the stranger endeavoured to support her, his servant ran to fetch water.

She soon recovered, and unclosing her eyes, found herself in the arms of a chevalier, who appeared to support her with difficulty. The compassion expressed in his countenance, while he enquired how she did, revived her spirits, and she was endeavouring to thank him for his kindness when La Luc and Adeline came up. The terror impressed on her father's features was perceived by Clara; languid as she was, she tried to raise herself, and said, with a faint smile, which betrayed, instead of disguising her sufferings, "Dear Sir, I am not hurt." Her pale countenance, and the blood that trickled down her cheek, contradicted her words. But La Luc, to whom terror had suggested

gested the utmost possible evil, now rejoiced to hear her speak; he recalled some presence of mind, and while Adeline applied her salts, he chafed her temples.

When she revived, she told him how much she was obliged to the stranger. La Luc endeavoured to express his gratitude; but the former interrupting him, begged he might be spared the pain of receiving thanks for having followed only an impulse of common humanity.

They were now not far from Leloncourt; but the evening was almost shut in, and the thunder murmured deeply among the hills. La Luc was distressed how to convey Clara home.

In endeavouring to raise her from the ground, the stranger betrayed such symptoms of pain, that La Luc enquired concerning it. The sudden jerk which the horse had given the arm of the chevalier, in escaping from his hold, had violently sprained his shoulder,  
and

and rendered his arm almost useless. The pain was exquisite, and La Luc, whose fears for his daughter were now subsiding, was shocked at the circumstance, and pressed the stranger to accompany him to the village, where relief might be obtained. He accepted the invitation, and Clara, being at length placed on a horse led by her father, was conducted to the chateau.

When Madame, who had been looking out for La Luc some time, perceived the cavalcade approaching, she was alarmed, and her apprehensions were confirmed, when she saw the situation of her niece. Clara was carried into the house, and La Luc would have sent for a surgeon, but there was none within several leagues of the village, neither were there any of the physical profession within the same distance. Clara was assisted to her chamber by Adeline, and Madame La Luc undertook to examine the wounds. The result restored peace to the family ;  
for

for though she was much bruised, she had escaped material injury; a slight contusion on the forehead had occasioned the bloodshed which at first alarmed La Luc. Madame undertook to restore her niece in a few days, with the assistance of a balsam composed by herself, on the virtues of which she descanted with great eloquence, till interrupted by La Luc, who reminded her of the condition of her patient.

Madame having bathed Clara's bruises, and giving her a cordial of *incomparable* efficacy, left her, and Adeline watched in the chamber of her friend till she retired to her own for the night.

La Luc, whose spirits had suffered much perturbation, was now tranquilized by the report his sister made of Clara. He introduced the stranger, and having mentioned the accident he had met with, desired that he might have immediate assistance. Madame hastened to her closet, and it is perhaps difficult to deter-

determine whether she felt most concern for the sufferings of her guest, or pleasure at the opportunity thus offered of displaying her physical skill. However this might be, she quitted the room with great alacrity, and very quickly returned with a phial containing her *inestimable* balsam, and having given the necessary direction for the application of it, she left the stranger to the care of his servant.

La Luc insisted that the chevalier, M. Verneuil, should not leave the chateau that night, and he very readily submitted to be detained. His manners during the evening were as frank and engaging as the hospitality and gratitude of La Luc were sincere, and they soon entered into interesting conversation. M. Verneuil conversed like a man who had seen much, and thought more; and if he discovered any prejudice in his opinions, it was evidently the prejudice of a mind  
which,

which, seeing objects through the medium of its own goodness, tinges them with the hue of its predominant quality. La Luc was much pleased, for, in his retired situation, he had not often an opportunity of receiving the pleasure which results from a communion of intelligent minds. He found that M. Verneuil had travelled. La Luc having asked some questions relative to England, they fell into discourse concerning the national characters of the French and English.

“If it is the privilege of wisdom,” said M. Verneuil, “to look beyond happiness, I own I had rather be without it. When we observe the English, their laws, writings, and conversations, and at the same time mark their countenances, manners, and the frequency of suicide among them, we are apt to believe that wisdom and happiness are incompatible. If, on the other hand, we turn to their neighbours, the  
“ French,

“ French, and see\* their wretched po-  
 “ licy, their sparkling, but sophistical  
 “ discourse, frivolous occupations, and,  
 “ withal, their gay animated air, we  
 “ shall be compelled to acknowledge  
 “ that happiness and folly too often  
 “ dwell together.”

“ It is the end of wisdom,” said La  
 Luc, “ to attain happiness, and I can  
 “ hardly dignify that conduct or course  
 “ of thinking which tends to misery  
 “ with the name of wisdom. By this  
 “ rule, perhaps, the folly, as we term  
 “ it, of the French, deserves, since its  
 “ effect is happiness, to be called wis-  
 “ dom. That airy thoughtlessness, which  
 “ seems alike to condemn reflection and  
 “ anticipation, produces all the effect of  
 “ it, without reducing its subjects to the  
 “ mortification of philosophy.”

Discouraging on the variety of opinions  
 that are daily formed on the same con-

\* It must be remembered, that this was said in the  
 seventeenth century.

duct, La Luc observed how much that which is commonly called opinion, is the result of passion and temper.

“ True,” said M. Verneuil, “ there  
 “ is a tone of thought, as there is a key-  
 “ note in music, that leads all its weaker  
 “ affections. Thus where the powers of  
 “ judging may be equal, the disposition  
 “ to judge is different at different times,  
 “ and the actions of men are at least but  
 “ too often arraigned by whim and ca-  
 “ price, by partial vanity, and the hu-  
 “ mour of the moment.”

Here La Luc took occasion to reprobate the conduct of those writers, who, by shewing the dark side only of human nature, and by dwelling on the evils only which are incident to humanity, have sought to degrade man in his own eyes, and to make him discontented with life.

“ What should we say of a painter,” continued La Luc, “ who collected in  
 “ his piece objects of a black hue only,  
 “ who presented you with a black man,  
 “ a black

" a black horse, a black dog, &c. &c.  
 " and tells you that his is a picture of  
 " nature, and that nature is black?—  
 " 'Tis true, you would reply, the ob-  
 " jects you exhibit do exist in nature,  
 " but they form a very small part of her  
 " works. You say that nature is black,  
 " and, to prove it, you have collected on  
 " your canvas all the animals of this  
 " hue that exist. But you have forgot  
 " to paint the green earth, the blue sky,  
 " the white man, and objects of all these  
 " various hues with which creation  
 " abounds."

The countenance of M. Verneuil light-  
 ened with peculiar animation during the  
 discourse of La Luc.—" To think well  
 " of his nature," said he, " is necessary  
 " to the dignity and to the happiness of  
 " man. There is a decent pride which  
 " becomes every mind, and is conge-  
 " nial to virtue. That consciousness of  
 " innate dignity, which shews him the  
 " glory of his nature, will be his best

" protection from the meanness of vice.  
 " Where this consciousness is wanting,"  
 continued M. Verneuil, " there can be  
 " no sense of moral honour, and conse-  
 " quently none of the higher principles  
 " of action. What can be expected of  
 " him who says that it is his nature to be  
 " mean and selfish? Or who can doubt  
 " that he who thinks thus, thinks from  
 " the experience of his own heart, from  
 " the tendency of his own inclinations?  
 " Let it always be remembered, that he  
 " who would persuade men to be good,  
 " ought to shew them that they may be  
 " great."

" You speak," said La Luc, " with  
 " the honest enthusiasm of a virtuous  
 " mind; and in obeying the impulse of  
 " your heart, you utter the truths of  
 " philosophy; and, trust me, a bad  
 " heart, and a truly philosophic head,  
 " have never yet been united in the  
 " same individual. Vicious inclinations  
 " not only corrupt the heart, but the  
 " under-

“ understanding, and thus lead to false  
 “ reasoning. Virtue only is on the side  
 “ of truth.”

La Luc and his guest, mutually pleased  
 with each other, entered upon the dis-  
 cussion of subjects so interesting to them  
 both, that it was late before they parted  
 for the night.

## CHAPTER

## CHAPTER XVII.

" 'Twas such a scene as gave a kind relief

" To memory, in sweetly-pensive grief."

VIRGIL'S TOMB.

" Mine be the breezy hill, that skirts the down,

" Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,

" With here and there a violet bestrown,

" Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave,

" And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my

" grave."

The MINSTREL.

REPOSE had so much restored Clara, that when Adeline, anxious to know how she did, went early in the morning to her chamber, she found her already risen, and ready to attend the family at breakfast. Monsieur Verneuil appeared also, but his looks betrayed a want of rest, and indeed he had suffered, during the night, a degree of anguish from his arm, which it was an effort of some resolution

solution to endure in silence. It was now swelled and inflamed, and this might in some degree be attributed to the effect of Madame La Luc's balsam, whose restorative qualities had for once failed. The whole family sympathised with his sufferings, and Madame, at the request of M. Verneuil, abandoned her balsam, and substituted an emollient fomentation.

From an application of this, he, in a short time, found an abatement of the pain, and returned to the breakfast table with greater composure. The happiness which La Luc felt at seeing his daughter in safety was very apparent, but the warmth of his gratitude towards her preserver he found it difficult to express. Clara spoke the genuine emotions of her heart with artless, but modest, energy, and testified sincere concern for the sufferings which she had occasioned M. Verneuil.

The pleasure received from the company of his guest, and the consideration  
of

of the essential service he had rendered him, co-operated with the natural hospitality of La Luc, and he pressed M. Verneuil to remain some time at the chateau.—“ I can never repay the service “ you have done me,” said La Luc; “ yet I seek to increase my obligations “ to you by requesting you will prolong “ your visit, and thus allow me an opportunity of cultivating your acquaintance.”

M. Verneuil, who, at the time he met La Luc, was travelling from Geneva to a distant part of Savoy, merely for the purpose of viewing the country, being now delighted with his host, and with every thing around him, willingly accepted the invitation. In this circumstance prudence concurred with inclination; for to have pursued his journey on horseback, in his present situation, would have been dangerous, if not impracticable.

The

The morning was spent in conversation, in which M. Verneuil displayed a mind enriched with taste, enlightened by science, and enlarged by observation. The situation of the chateau, and the features of the surrounding scenery, charmed him, and in the evening he found himself able to walk with La Luc, and explore the beauties of this romantic region. As they passed through the village, the salutations of the peasants, in whom love and respect were equally blended, and their eager enquires after Clara, bore testimony to the character of La Luc, while his countenance expressed a serene satisfaction, arising from the consciousness of deserving and possessing their love.—“ I live surrounded by my  
 “ children,” said he, turning to M. Verneuil, who had noticed their eagerness,  
 “ for such I consider my parishioners :  
 “ in discharging the duties of my office,  
 “ I am repayed not only by my own con-  
 “ science, but by their gratitude. There

“ is a luxury in observing their simple  
 “ and honest love, which I would not  
 “ exchange for any thing the world calls  
 “ blessings.”

“ Yet the world, Sir, would call the  
 “ pleasures of which you speak roman-  
 “ tic,” said M. Verneuil; “ for to be  
 “ sensible of this pure and exquisite de-  
 “ light, requires a heart untainted with  
 “ the vicious pleasures of society—plea-  
 “ sures that deaden its finest feelings,  
 “ and poison the source of its truest en-  
 “ joyments.”—They pursued their way  
 along the borders of the lake, sometimes  
 under the shade of hanging woods, and  
 sometimes over hillocks of turfs, where  
 the scene opened in all its wild magni-  
 ficence. M. Verneuil often stopped in  
 raptures to observe and point out the  
 singular beauties it exhibited, while La  
 Luc, pleased with the delight his friend  
 expressed, surveyed with more than usual  
 satisfaction the objects which had so of-  
 ten charmed him before. But there was

a tender melancholy in the tone of his voice and his countenance, which arose from the recollection of having often traced these scenes, and partook of the pleasure they inspired, with her who had long since bade them an eternal farewell.

They presently quitted the lake, and, winding up a steep ascent between the woods, came, after an hour's walk, to a green summit, which appeared among the savage rocks that environed it, like the blossom on the thorn. It was a spot formed for solitary delight, inspiring that soothing tenderness so dear to the feeling mind, and which calls back to memory the images of passed regret, softened by distance, and endeared by frequent recollection. Wild shrubs grew from the crevices of the rocks beneath, and the high trees of pine and cedar that waved above, afforded a melancholy and romantic shade. The silence of the scene was interrupted only by the breeze as it rolled over the woods, and by the solitary

tary notes of the birds that inhabited the cliffs.

From this point the eye commanded an entire view of those majestic and sublime Alps, whose aspect fills the soul with emotions of indescribable awe, and seems to lift it to a nobler nature. The village and the chateau of La Luc appeared in the bosom of the mountains, a peaceful retreat from the storms that gathered on their tops. All the faculties of M. Verneuil were absorbed in admiration, and he was for some time quite silent; at length, bursting into a rhapsody, he turned, and would have addressed La Luc, when he perceived him at a distance, leaning against a rustic urn, over which drooped, in beautiful luxuriance, the weeping birch.

As he approached, La Luc quitted his position, and advanced to meet him, while M. Verneuil enquired upon what occasion the urn had been erected. La Luc, unable to answer, pointed to it, and

and walked silently away, and M. Verneuil, approaching the urn, read the following inscription :

TO  
THE MEMORY OF CLARA LA LUC,  
THIS URN  
IS ERECTED ON THE SPOT WHICH SHE LOVED,  
IN TESTIMONY OF THE AFFECTION OF  
A HUSBAND.

---

M. Verneuil now comprehended the whole, and feeling for his friend, was hurt that he had noticed this monument of his grief. He rejoined La Luc, who was standing on the point of the eminence, contemplating the landscape below with an air more placid, and touched with the sweetness of piety and resignation. He perceived that M. Verneuil was somewhat disconcerted, and he sought to remove his uneasiness. " You will consider it," said he, " as a mark of my esteem, that I have brought you to this spot. It is never prophaned  
" by

" by the presence of the unfeeling.  
 " They would deride the faithfulness of  
 " an attachment which has so long sur-  
 " vived its object, and which, in their  
 " own breasts, would quickly have been  
 " lost amidst the dissipation of general  
 " society. I have cherished in my heart  
 " the remembrance of a woman, whose  
 " virtues claimed all my love. I have  
 " cherished it as a treasure to which I  
 " could withdraw from temporary cares  
 " and vexations, in the certainty of find-  
 " ing a soothing, though melancholy,  
 " comfort."

La Luc paused. M. Verneuil expressed the sympathy he felt, but he knew the sacredness of sorrow, and soon relapsed into silence. " One of the brightest  
 " hopes of a future state," resumed La  
 " Luc, " is, that we shall meet again those  
 " whom we have loved upon earth. And  
 " perhaps our happiness may be permit-  
 " ted to consist very much in the so-  
 " ciety of our friends, purified from the  
 " frail-

" frailties of mortality, with the finer  
 " affections more sweetly attuned, and  
 " with the faculties of mind infinitely  
 " more elevated and enlarged. We shall  
 " then be enabled to comprehend sub-  
 " jects which are too vast for human  
 " conception ; to comprehend, perhaps,  
 " the sublimity of that Deity who first  
 " called us into being. These views of  
 " futurity, my friend, elevate us above  
 " the evils of this world, and seem to  
 " communicate to us a portion of the  
 " nature we contemplate.

" Call them not the allusions of a vision-  
 " ary brain," proceeded La Luc : " I  
 " trusted their reality. Of this I am cer-  
 " tain, that whether they are illusions or  
 " not, a faith in them ought to be che-  
 " rished for the comfort it brings to the  
 " heart, and revered for the dignity  
 " it imparts to the mind. Such feelings  
 " make a happy and important part  
 " of our belief in a future existence :  
 " they

“ they give energy to virtue, and stability to principle.”

“ This,” said M. Verneuil, “ is what I have often felt, and what every ingenious mind must acknowledge.”

La Luc and M. Verneuil continued in conversation till the sun had left the scene. The mountains, darkened by twilight, assumed a sublimer aspect, while the tops of some of the highest Alps were yet illuminated by the sun's rays, and formed a striking contrast to the shadowy obscurity of the world below. As they descended through the woods, and traversed the margin of the lake, the stillness and solemnity of the hour diffused a pensive sweetness over their minds, and sunk them into silence.

They found supper spread, as was usual, in the hall, of which the windows opened upon a garden, where the flowers might be said to yield their fragrance in gratitude to the refreshing dews. The windows were embowered with eglantine and

and other sweet shrubs, which hung in wild luxuriance around, and formed a beautiful and simple decoration. Clara and Adeline loved to pass the evenings in this hall, where they had acquired the first rudiments of astronomy, and from which they had a wide view of the heavens. La Luc pointed out to them the planets and the fixed stars, explained their laws, and from thence, taking occasion to mingle moral with scientific instruction, would often ascend towards that great *first Cause*, whose nature soars beyond the grasp of human comprehension.

“ No study,” he would sometimes say,  
 “ so much enlarges the mind, or im-  
 “ presses it with so sublime an idea of  
 “ the Deity, as that of astronomy. When  
 “ the imagination launches into the re-  
 “ gions of space, and contemplates the  
 “ innumerable worlds which are scatter-  
 “ ed through it, we are lost in astonish-  
 “ ment and awe. This globe appears as  
 “ a mass

" a mass of atoms in the immensity of  
 " the universe, and man a mere insect:  
 " yet how wonderful! that man, whose  
 " frame is so diminutive in the scale of  
 " beings, should have powers which  
 " spurn the narrow boundaries of time  
 " and place, soar beyond the sphere of  
 " his existence, penetrate the secret laws  
 " of nature, and calculate their progress-  
 " five effects."

" O! how expressively does this prove  
 " the spirituality of our being! Let the  
 " Materialist consider it, and blush that  
 " he has ever doubted."

In this hall the whole family now met  
 at supper, and during the remainder of  
 the evening the conversation turned upon  
 general subjects, in which Clara joined in  
 modest and judicious remark. La Luc  
 had taught her to familiarize her mind  
 to reasoning, and had accustomed her to  
 deliver her sentiments freely: she spoke  
 them with a simplicity extremely enga-  
 ging, and which convinced her hearers,  
 that

that the love of knowledge, not the vanity of talking, induced her to converse. M. Verneuil evidently endeavoured to draw forth her sentiments, and Clara, interested by the subjects he introduced, a stranger to affectation, and pleased with the opinions he expressed, answered them with frankness and animation. They retired mutually pleased with each other.

M. Verneuil was about six and thirty; his figure manly, his countenance frank and engaging. A quick, penetrating eye, whose fire was softened by benevolence, disclosed the chief traits of his character; he was quick to discern, but generous to excuse, the follies of mankind; and while no one more sensibly felt an injury, none more readily accepted the concession of an enemy.

He was by birth a Frenchman. A fortune lately devolved to him, had enabled him to execute the plan, which his active and inquisitive mind had suggested, of viewing the most remarkable parts of the  
con-

continent of Europe. He was peculiarly susceptible of the beautiful and sublime in nature. To such a taste Switzerland, and the adjacent country, was, of all others, the most interesting; and he found the scenery it exhibited infinitely surpassing all that his glowing imagination had formed; he saw with the eye of a painter, and felt with the rapture of a poet.

In the habitation of La Luc he met with the hospitality, the frankness, and the simplicity, so characteristic of the country: in his venerable host he saw the strength of philosophy united with the finest tenderness of humanity; a philosophy which taught him to correct his feelings, not to annihilate them; in Clara, the bloom of beauty, with the most perfect simplicity of heart; and in Adeline, all the charms of elegance and grace, with a genius deserving of the highest culture. In this family picture the goodness of Madame La Luc was not unperceived or forgotten. The cheerfulness

fulness and harmony that reigned within the chateau was delightful; but the philanthropy which, flowing from the heart of the pastor, was diffused through the whole village, and united the inhabitants in the sweet and firm bonds of social compact, was divine. The beauty of its situation conspired with these circumstances to make Leloncourt seem almost a paradise. M. Verneuil sighed, that he must so soon quit it. "I ought to seek  
 "no farther," said he, "for here wisdom and happiness dwell together."

The admiration was reciprocal; La Luc and his family found themselves much interested in M. Verneuil, and looked forward to the time of his departure with regret. So warmly they pressed him to prolong his visit, and so powerfully his own inclinations seconded their's, that he accepted the invitation. La Luc omitted no circumstance which might contribute to the amusement of his guest, who having in a  
 few

few days recovered the use of his arm, they made several excursions among the mountains. Adeline and Clara, whom the care of Madame had restored to her usual health, were generally of the party.

After spending a week at the chateau, M. Verneuil, bade adieu to La Luc and his family; they parted with mutual regret, and the former promised that when he returned to Geneva, he would take Leloncourt in his way. As he said this, Adeline, who had for some time observed with much alarm, La Luc's declining health, looked mournfully on his languid countenance, and uttered a secret prayer that he might live to receive the visit of M. Verneuil.

Madame was the only person who did not lament his departure; she saw that the efforts of her brother to entertain his guest were more than his present state of health would admit of, and she rejoiced

rejoiced in the quiet that would now return to him.

But this quiet brought La Luc no respite from illness; the fatigue he had suffered in his late exertions seemed to have increased his disorder, which in a short time assumed the aspect of a consumption. Yielding to the solicitations of his family, he went to Geneva for advice, and was there recommended to try the air of Nice.

The journey thither, however, was of considerable length, and believing his life to be very precarious, he hesitated whether to go. He was also unwilling to leave the duty of his parish unperformed for so long a period as his health might require; but this was an objection which would not have withheld him from Nice, had his faith in the climate been equal to that of his physicians.

His parishioners felt the life of their pastor to be of the utmost consequence  
to

to them. It was a general cause, and they testified at once his worth, and their sense of it, by going in a body to solicit him to leave them. He was much affected by this instance of their attachment. Such a proof of regard, rejoined with the entreaties of his own family, and a consideration that for their sakes it was a duty to endeavour to prolong his life, was too powerful to be withstood, and he determined to set out for Italy.

It was settled that Clara and Adeline, whose health La Luc thought required change of air and scene, should accompany him, attended by the faithful Peter.

On the morning of his departure, a large body of his parishioners assembled round the door to bid him farewell. It was an affecting scene; they might meet no more. At length, wiping the tears from his eyes, La Luc said, "Let us  
" trust in God, my friends; he has  
power

“ power to heal all disorders both of  
 “ body and mind. We shall meet again,  
 “ if not in this world, I hope in a bet-  
 “ ter. Let our conduct be such as to  
 “ ensure that better.”

The sobs of his people prevented any reply. There was scarcely a dry eye in the village; for there was scarcely an inhabitant of it that was not now assembled in the presence of La Luc. He shook hands with them all, “ Farewell, my friends,” said he, “ we shall meet again.—“ God grant we may!” said they, with once voice of fervent petition.

Having mounted his horse, and Clara and Adeline being ready, they took a last leave of Madame La Luc, and quitted the chateau. The people, unwilling to leave La Luc. the greater part of them accompanied him to some distance from the village. As he moved slowly on, he cast a lingering look at his little home, where he had spent so

many peaceful years, and which he now gazed on, perhaps, for the last time, and tears rose in his eyes; but he checked them. Every scene of the adjacent country called up, as he passed, some tender remembrance. He looked towards the spot consecrated to the memory of his deceased wife; the dewy vapours of the morning veiled it. La Luc felt the disappointment more deeply, perhaps, than reason could justify; but those who knew from experience how much the imagination loves to dwell on any object, however remotely connected with that of our tenderness, will feel with him. This was an object round which the affections of La Luc had settled themselves: it was a memorial to the eye, and the view of it awakened more forcibly in the mind every tender idea that could associate with the primary subject of his regard. In such cases fancy gives to the illusions of strong affection, the stamp of reality and

and they are cherished by the heart with romantic fondness.

His people accompanied him for near a mile from the village, and could scarcely then be prevailed on to leave him; at length he once more bade them farewell, and went on his way, followed by their prayers and blessings.

La Luc and his little party travelled slowly on, sunk in pensive silence—a silence too pleasingly sad to be soon relinquished, and which they indulged without fear of interruption. The solitary grandeur of the scenes through which they passed, and the soothing murmur of the pines that waved above, aided this soft luxury of meditation.

They proceeded by easy stages; and after travelling for some days among the romantic mountains and pastoral vallies of Piedmont, they entered the rich country of Nice. The gay and luxuriant views which now opened upon the travellers as they wound among the hills,

appeared like scenes of fairy enchantment, or those produced by the lonely visions of the Poets. While the spiral summits of the mountains exhibited the snowy severity of winter, the pine, the cypress, the olive, and the myrtle, shaded their sides with the green tints of spring, and groves of orange, lemon, and citron, spread over their feet the full glow of autumn. As they advanced, the scenery became still more diversified; and at length, between the receding heights, Adeline caught a glimpse of the distant waters of the Mediterranean, fading into the blue and cloudless horizon. She had never till now seen the ocean; and this transient view of it roused her imagination, and made her watch impatiently for a nearer prospect.

It was towards the close of day when the travellers, winding round an abrupt projection of that range of Alps which crowns the amphitheatre that environs the city of Nice, looked down upon the green hills

that stretch to the shores, on the city and its ancient castle, and on the wide waters of the Mediterranean; with the mountains of Corfica in the farthest distance. Such a sweep of sea and land, so varied with the gay, the magnificent, and the awful, would have fixed any eye in admiration: for Adeline and Clara, novelty and enthusiasm added their charms to the prospect. The soft and salubrious air seemed to welcome La Luc to this smiling region, and the serene atmosphere to promise invariable summer. They at length descended upon the little plain where stands the city of Nice, and which was the most extensive piece of level ground they had passed since they entered the country. Here, in the bosom of the mountains, sheltered from the north and the east, where the western gales alone seemed to breathe, all the blooms of spring and the riches of autumn were united. Trees of myrtle bordered the road,  
which

which wound among groves of orange, lemon, and bergamot, whose delicious fragrance came to the sense mingled with the breath of roses and carnations that blossomed in their shade. The gently-swelling hills that rose from the plain were covered with vines, and crowned with cypresses, olives, and date trees; beyond there appeared the sweep of lofty mountains whence the travellers had descended, and whence flows the little river Paglion, swoln by the snows that melt on their summits, and which, after meandering through the plain, washes the walls of Nice, where it falls into the Mediterranean. In this blooming region, Adeline observed that the countenances of the peasants, meagre and discontented, formed a melancholy contrast to the face of the country, and she lamented again the effects of an arbitrary government, where the bounties of nature, which were designed for all, are monopolized by a few, and the  
many

many are suffered to starve, tantalized by surrounding plenty.

The city lost much of its enchantment on a nearer approach: its narrow streets and shabby houses, but ill answered the expectation which a distant view of its ramparts, and its harbour, gay with vessels, seemed to authorize. The appearance of the inn, at which La Luc now alighted, did not contribute to soften his disappointment; but if he was surprised to find such indifferent accommodation at the inn of a town celebrated as the resort of valetudinarians, he was still more so when he learned the difficulty of procuring furnished lodgings.

After much search, he procured apartments in a small but pleasant chateau, situated a little way out of the town: it had a garden, and a terrace which overlooked the sea, and was distinguished by an air of neatness very unusual in the houses of Nice. He agreed to board with the family, whose table likewise accommodated

commodated a gentleman and lady, their lodgers; and thus he became a temporary inhabitant of this charming climate.

On the following morning, Adeline rose at an early hour, eager to indulge the new and sublime emotion with which a view of the ocean inspired her, and walked with Clara toward the hills that afforded a most extensive prospect. They pursued their way for some time between high embowering banks, till they arrived at an eminence, whence

“Heaven, earth, ocean, smiled!”

They sat down on a point of rock, overshadowed by lofty palm trees, to contemplate, at leisure, the magnificent scene. The sun was just emerged from the sea, over which his rays shed a flood of light, and darted a thousand brilliant tints on the vapours that ascended the horizon, and floated there in light clouds, leaving the bosom of the waters below clear as crystal, except where the white surges were

were seen to beat upon the rocks; and discovering the distant sails of the fishing boats, and the far distant highlands of Corfica, tinted with ætherial blue. Clara, after some time, drew forth her pencil, but threw it aside in despair. Adeline, as they returned home through a romantic glen, when her senses were no longer absorbed in the contemplation of this grand scenery, and when its images floated on her memory, only, in softened colours, repeated the following lines:

SUN-RISE: A SONNET.

---

Oft let me wander, at the break of day,  
 Thro' the cool vale o'erhung with waving woods,  
 Drink the rich fragrance of the budding May,  
 And catch the murmur of the distant floods;  
 Or rest on the fresh bank of limpid rill,  
 Where sleeps the vi'let in the dewy shade,  
 Where op'ning lilies balmy sweets distil,  
 And the wild musk-rose weeps along the glade:

Or climb the eastern cliff, whose airy head  
 Hangs rudely o'er the blue and misty main;  
 Watch the fine hues of morn through æther spread,  
 And paint with roseate glow the crystal plain.  
 Oh! who can speak the rapture of the soul  
 When o'er the waves the sun first steals to fight,  
 And all the world of waters, as they roll,  
 And Heaven's vast vault unveils in living light!  
 So life's young hour to man enchanting smiles,  
 With sparkling health, and joy, and fancy's fairy  
 wiles!

---

La Luc, in his walks, met with some  
 sensible and agreeable companions, who,  
 like himself, came to Nice in search of  
 health. Of these he soon formed a small  
 but pleasant society, among whom was  
 a Frenchman, whose mild manners,  
 marked with a deep and interesting  
 melancholy, had particularly attracted  
 La Luc. He very seldom mentioned  
 himself, or any circumstance that might  
 lead to a knowledge of his family, but  
 on other subjects conversed with frank-  
 ness and much intelligence. La Luc  
 had

had frequently invited him to his lodgings; but he had always declined the invitation, and this in a manner so gentle as to disarm displeasure, and convince La Luc that this refusal was the consequence of a certain dejection of mind, which made him reluctant to meet other strangers.

The description which La Luc had given of this foreigner; had excited the curiosity of Clara; and the sympathy which the unfortunate feel for each other called forth the commiseration of Adeline; for that he was unfortunate she could not doubt. On their return from an evening walk La Luc pointed out the Chevalier, and quickened his pace to overtake him. Adeline was for a moment impelled to follow, but delicacy checked her steps; she knew how painful the presence of a stranger often is to a wounded mind, and forbore to intrude herself on his notice, for the sake of only satisfying an idle curiosity. She  
turned

turned therefore into another path ; but the delicacy which now prevented the meeting, accident in a few days defeated, and La Luc introduced the stranger. Adeline received him with a soft smile, but endeavoured to restrain the expression of pity which her features had involuntarily assumed ; she wished him not to know that she observed he was unhappy.

After this interview he no longer rejected the invitations of La Luc, but made him frequent visits, and often accompanied Adeline and Clara in their rambles. The mild and sensible conversation of the former seemed to sooth his mind, and in her presence he frequently conversed with a degree of animation which La Luc till then had not observed in him. Adeline, too, derived from the simlarity of their taste, and his intelligent conversation, a degree of satisfaction which contributed, with the compassion his dejection inspired, to win  
her

her confidence, and she conversed with an easy frankness rather unusual to her.

His visits soon became more frequent. He walked with La Luc and his family; he attended them on their little excursions to view those magnificent remains of Roman antiquity which enrich the neighbourhood of Nice. When the ladies sat at home and worked, he enlivened the hours by reading to them, and they had the pleasure to observe his spirits somewhat relieved from the heavy melancholy that had oppressed him.

M. Amand was passionately fond of music. Clara had not forgot to bring her beloved lute; he would sometimes strike the chords in the most sweet and mournful symphonies, but never could be prevailed on to play. When Adeline or Clara played, he would sit in deep reverie, and lost to every object around him, except when he fixed his eyes in mournful gaze on Adeline, and a sigh would sometimes escape him.

One

One evening Adeline, having excused herself from accompanying La Luc and Clara in a visit to a neighbouring family, retired to the terrace of the garden, which overlooked the sea, and as she viewed the tranquil splendour of the setting sun, and his glories reflected on the polished surface of the waves, she touched the strings of the lute in softest harmony, her voice accompanying it with words which she had one day written, after having read that rich effusion of Shakespeare's genius, "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

#### TITANIA TO HER LOVE.

---

O! fly with me through distant air  
 To isles that gem the western deep!  
 For laughing Summer revels there,  
 And hangs her wreath on every steep.

As through the green transparent sea  
 Light floating on the waves we go,  
 The nymphs shall gaily welcome me,  
 Far in their coral caves below.

For

For oft upon their margin sands,  
 When twilight leads the fresh'ning hours,  
 I come with all my jocund bands  
 To charm them from their sea-green bow'rs.

And well they love our sports to view,  
 And on the Ocean's breast to lave ;  
 And oft as we the dance renew,  
 They call up music from the wave.

Swift hie we to that splendid clime,  
 Where gay Jamaica spreads her scene,  
 Lifts the blue mountain—wild—sublime !  
 And smooths her vales of vivid green.

Where throned high, in pomp of shade,  
 The *Power of Vegetation* reigns,  
 Expanding wide, o'er hill and glade,  
 Shrubs of all growth——fruit of all stains :

She steals the sun-beam's fervid glow,  
 To paint her flow'rs of mingling hue ;  
 And o'er the grape the purple throw,  
 Breaking from verdant leaves to view.

There myrtle bow'rs, and citron grove,  
 O'er canopy our airy dance ;  
 And there the sea-breeze loves to rove,  
 When trembles day's departing glance.

And

And when the false moon steals away,  
Or o'er the chafing morn doth rise,  
Oft, fearless, we our gambols play  
By the fire-worm's radiant eyes,

And suck the honey'd reeds that swell  
In tufted plumes of silver white ;  
Or pierce the cocoa's milky cell,  
To sip the nectar of delight !

And when the shaking thunders roll,  
And light'nings strike athwart the gloom,  
We shelter in the cedar's bole,  
And revel 'mid the rich perfume !

But chief we love beneath the palm,  
Or verdant plantain's spreading leaf,  
To hear, upon the midnight calm,  
Sweet Philomela pour her grief.

To mortal sprite such dulcet sound,  
Such blissful hours, were never known !  
O ! fly with me my airy round,  
And I will make them all thine own !

---

Adeline ceased to sing—when she immediately heard repeated, in a low voice,

“ To mortal sprite such dulcet sound,  
“ Such blissful hours were never known !”  
and

and turning her eyes whence it came,  
 she saw M. Amand. She blushed and  
 laid down the lute, which he instantly  
 took up, and, with a tremulous hand,  
 drew forth tones

“That might create a soul under the ribs of Death.”

In a melodious voice, that trembled with  
 sensibility, he sang the following

S O N N E T.

How sweet is Love's first gentle sway,  
 When crown'd with flow'rs he softly smiles!  
 His blue eyes fraught with tearful wiles,  
 Where beams of tender transport play:  
 Hope leads him on his airy way,  
 And Faith and Fancy still beguiles—  
 Faith quickly tangled in her toils—  
 Fancy, whose magic forms so gay  
 The fair Deceiver's self deceive—  
 “How sweet is Love's first gentle sway!”  
 Ne'er would that heart he bids to grieve  
 From Sorrow's soft enchantments stray—  
 Ne'er—till the God exulting in his art,  
 Relentless frowns, and wings th' envenom'd dart.

Mon-

Monsieur Amand paused: he seemed much oppressed, and, at length, burst into tears, laid down the instrument, and walked abruptly away to the farther end of the terrace. Adeline, without seeming to observe his agitation, rose and leaned upon the wall, below which a group of fishermen were busily employed in drawing a net. In a few moments he returned, with a composed and softened countenance. "Forgive this abrupt conduct," said he: "I know not how to apologize for it but by owning its cause. When I tell you, Madam, that my tears flow to the memory of a Lady who strongly resembled you, and who is lost to me for ever, you will know how to pity me."---His voice faltered, and he paused. Adeline was silent. "The lute," he resumed, "was her favourite instrument, and when you touched it with such melancholy expression, I saw her very image before

"fore me. But, alas! why do I distress  
 "you with a knowledge of my sorrows!  
 "she is gone, never to return! And  
 "you, Adeline—you"——He checked  
 his speech, and Adeline, turning on  
 him a look of mournful regard, observed  
 a wildness in his eyes, which alarmed  
 her. "These recollections are too  
 "painful," said she, in a gentle voice;  
 "let us return to the house; M. La Luc  
 "is probably come home."—"O no!"  
 replied M. Amand; "No---this breeze  
 "refreshes me. How often at this hour  
 "have I talked with *her*, as I now talk with  
 "you! Such were the soft tones of her  
 "voice---such the ineffable expression of  
 "her countenance."--Adeline interrupted  
 him: "Let me beg of you to con-  
 "sider your health---this dewy air can-  
 "not be good for invalids." He stood  
 with his hands clasped, and seemed not  
 to hear her. She took up the lute to go,  
 and passed her fingers lightly over the  
 chords.

chords. The sounds recalled his scattered senses; he raised his eyes, and fixed them in long unsettled gaze upon her's. "Must I leave you here?" said she, smiling, and standing in an attitude to depart---"I entreat you to play again the air I heard just now," said M. Amand, in a hurried voice."---"Certainly;" and she immediately began to play. He leaned against a palm-tree in an attitude of deep attention, and as the sounds languished on the air, his features gradually lost their wild expression, and he melted into tears. He continued to weep silently till the song concluded, and it was some time before he recovered voice enough to say, "Adeline, I sincerely thank you for this goodness. My mind has recovered its bias; you have soothed a broken heart. Increase the kindness you have shewn me by promising never to mention what you have witnessed this evening, and I will endea-

" your

“ your never again to wound your sensibility by a similar offence.”---Adeline gave the required promise: and M. Amand, pressing her hand, with a melancholy smile, hurried from the garden, and she saw him no more that night.

La Luc had been near a fortnight at Nice, and his health, instead of amending, seemed rather to decline; yet he wished to make a longer experiment of the climate. The air, which failed to restore her venerable friend, revived Adeline, and the variety and novelty of the surrounding scenes amused her mind, though since they could not obliterate the memory of past, or suppress the pang of present affliction, they were ineffectual to dissipate the sick languor of melancholy. Company, by compelling her to withdraw her attention from the subject of her sorrow, afforded her a transient relief, but the violence of the exertion generally

nerally left her more depressed. It was in the stillness of solitude, in the tranquil observance of beautiful nature, that her mind recovered its tone, and indulging the pensive inclination now become habitual to it, was soothed and fortified. Of all the grand objects which nature had exhibited, the ocean inspired her with the most sublime admiration. She loved to wander alone on its shores, and, when she could escape so long from the duties or the forms of society, she would sit for hours on the beach, watching the rolling waves, and listening to their dying murmur, till her softened fancy recalled long lost scenes, and restored the image of Theodore, when tears of despondency too often followed those of pity and regret. But these visions of memory, painful as they were, no longer excited that phrenzy of grief they formerly awakened in Savoy; the sharpness of misery was passed, tho' its heavy influence was not, perhaps, less powerful.

powerful. To these solitary indulgences generally succeeded calmness, and what Adeline endeavoured to believe was resignation.

She usually rose early, and walked down to the shore to enjoy, in the cool and silent hours of the morning, the cheering beauty of nature, and inhale the pure sea-breeze. Every object then smiled in fresh and lively colours. The blue sea, the brilliant sky, the distant fishing boats with their white sails, and the voices of the fishermen, borne at intervals on the air, were circumstances which re-animating her spirits, and in one of her rambles, yielding to that taste of poetry which had seldom forsaken her, she repeated the following lines :

**MORNING,**

MORNING, ON THE SEA-SHORE.

---

What print of fairy feet is here  
 On Neptune's smooth and yellow sands?  
 What midnight revel's airy dance,  
 Beneath the moon-beam's trembling glance  
 Has blest these shores?—What sprightly bands  
 Have chac'd the waves uncheck'd by fear?  
 Whoe'er they were they fled from morn,  
 For now, all silent and forlorn,  
 These tide-forfaken sands appear—  
 Return, sweet sprites! the scene to cheer!

In vain the call!—Till moonlight's hour  
 Again diffuse its softer pow'r,  
 Titania, nor her fairy loves,  
 Emerge from India's spicy groves.

Then, when the shad'wy hour returns,  
 When silence reigns o'er air and earth,  
 And ev'ry star in æther burns,  
 They come to celebrate their mirth;  
 In frolic ringlet trip the ground,  
 Bid Music's voice on Silence win,  
 Till magic echoes answer round—  
 Thus do their festive rites begin.

O fairy

O fairy forms! so coy to mortal ken,  
 Your mystic steps to poets only shewn;  
 O! lead me to the brook, or hollow'd glen,  
 Retiring far, with winding woods o'ergrown!  
 Where'er ye best delight to rule;  
 If in some forest's lone retreat,  
 Thither conduct my willing feet  
 To the light brink of fountain cool,  
 Where, sleeping in the midnight dew,  
 Lie Spring's young buds of ev'ry hue,  
 Yielding their sweet breath to the air;  
 To fold their silken leaves from harm,  
 And their chill heads in moonshine warm,  
 Is bright Titania's tender care.

There, to the night-bird's plaintive chaunt  
 Your carols sweet ye love to raise,  
 With oaten reed and past'ral lays;  
 And guard with forceful spell her haunt,  
 Who, when your antic sports are done,  
 Oft lulls ye in the lily's cell,  
 Sweet flow'r! that suits your slumbers well,  
 And shields ye from the rising sun.  
 When not to India's sleeps ye fly  
 After twilight and the moon,  
 In honey buds ye love to lie,  
 While reigns supreme Light's fervid noon;  
 Nor quit the cell where peace pervades,  
 Till night leads on the dews and shades.

E'en now your scenes enchanted meet my sight!

I see the earth unclose, the palace rise,  
 The high dome swell, and long arcades of light  
 Glitter among the deep embow'ring woods,  
 And glance reflecting from the trembling floods!  
 While to soft lutes the portals wide unfold,  
 And fairy forms, of fine ætherial dyes,  
 Advance with frolic step and laughing eyes,  
 Their hair with pearl, their garments deck'd with gold;  
 Pearls that in Neptune's briny waves they fought,  
 And gold from India's deepest caverns brought.  
 Thus your light visions to my eyes unveil,  
 Ye sportive pleasures sweet, illusion, hail!  
 But ah! at morn's first blush again ye fade!  
 So from youth's ardent gaze life's landscape gay,  
 And forms in Fancy's summer hues array'd,  
 Dissolve at once in air at Truth's resplendent day!

---

During several days succeeding that on which M. Amand had disclosed the cause of his melancholy, he did not visit La Luc. At length, Adeline met him in one of her solitary rambles on the shore. He was pale and dejected, and seemed much agitated when he observed

served her; she therefore endeavoured to avoid him, but he advanced with quickened steps and accosted her. He said it was his intention to leave Nice in a few days. "I have found no benefit from the climate," added M. Amand; "Alas! what climate can relieve the sickness of the heart! I go to lose, in the variety of new scenes, the remembrance of past happiness; yet the effort is vain; I am every where equally restless and unhappy." Adeline tried to encourage him to hope much from time and change of place. "Time *will* blunt the sharpest edge of sorrow," said she; "I know it from experience." Yet, while she spoke, the tears in her eyes contradicted the assertion of her lips. "You have been unhappy, Adeline!—Yes—I knew it from the first. The smile of pity which you gave me, assured me that you knew what it was to suffer." The desponding air with which he spoke re-

renewed her apprehension of a scene similar to the one she had lately witnessed, and she changed the subject, but he soon returned to it. "You bid me hope  
 "much from time!—My wife!—My  
 "dear wife!"—his tongue faltered.  
 —"It is now many months since I lost  
 "her—yet the moment of her death  
 "seems but as yesterday." Adeline faintly smiled.—"You can scarcely judge  
 "of the effect of time yet, you have  
 "much to hope for."—He shook his head—"But I am again intruding my  
 "misfortunes on your notice; forgive  
 "this perpetual egotism. There is a  
 "comfort in the pity of the good, such  
 "as nothing else can impart; this must  
 "plead my excuse; may you, Adeline,  
 "never want it. Ah! those tears——"  
 Adeline hastily dried them. M. Amand forbore to press the subject, and immediately began to converse on different topics. They returned towards the chateau, but La Luc being from home,  
 M. Amand

M. Amand took leave at the door. Adeline retired to her chamber, oppressed by her own sorrows and those of her amiable friend.

Near three weeks had now elapsed at Nice, during which the disorder of La Luc seemed rather to increase than to abate, when his physician very honestly confessed the little hope he entertained from the climate, and advised him more to try the effect of a sea voyage, adding, that if the experiment failed, even the air of Montpellier appeared to him more likely to afford relief than that of Nice. La Luc received this disinterested advice with a mixture of gratitude and disappointment. The circumstances which had made him reluctant to quit Savoy, rendered him more so to protract his absence, and increase his expences; but the ties of affection that bound him to his family, and the love of life, which so seldom leaves us, again prevailed over inferior considerations, and he determined

mined to coast the Mediterranean as far as Languedoc, where, if the voyage did not answer his expectations, he would land and proceed to Montpellier.

When M. Amand learned that La Luc designed to quit Nice in a few days, he determined not to leave it before him. During this interval he had not sufficient resolution to deny himself the frequent conversation of Adeline, though her presence, by reminding him of his lost wife, gave him more pain than comfort—He was the second son of a French gentleman of family, and had been married about a year to a lady to whom he had long been attached when she died in her lying-in. The infant soon followed its mother, and left the disconsolate father abandoned to grief, which had preyed so heavily on his health, that his physician thought it necessary to send him to Nice. From the air of Nice, however, he had derived no benefit, and he now determined to travel farther into Italy,

though

though he no longer felt any interest in those charming scenes, which, in happier days, and with her whom he never ceased to lament, would have offered him the highest degree of mental luxury—now, he sought only to escape from himself, or rather from the image of her who had once constituted his truest happiness.

La Luc having laid his plan, hired a small vessel, and in a few days embarked with a sick hope, bidding adieu to the shores of Italy and the towering Alps, and seeking on a new element the health which had hitherto mocked his pursuit.

M. Amand took a melancholy leave of his new friends, whom he attended to the sea side. When he assisted Adeline on board, his heart was too full to suffer him to say farewell; but he stood long on the beach pursuing with his eyes her course over the waters, and waving his hand, till tears dimmed his sight. The breeze wafted the vessel gently from the coast, and Adeline saw herself surrounded

ed by the undulating waves of the ocean. The shore appeared to recede, its mountains to lessen, the gay colours of its landscape to melt into each other, and in a short time the figure of M. Amand was seen no more : the town of Nice, with its castle and harbour, next faded away in distance, and the purple tint of the mountains was at length all that remained on the verge of the horizon. She sighed as she gazed, and her eyes filled with tears : “ So vanished my prospect of happiness,” said she ; “ and my future view is like the waste of waters that surround me.” Her heart was full, and she retired from observation to a remote part of the deck, where she indulged her tears as she watched the vessel cut its way through the liquid glass. The water was so transparent that she saw the sun beams playing at considerable depth, and fish of various colours glance athwart the current. Innumerable marine plants spread their vigorous leaves

leaves on the rocks below, and the richness of their verdure formed a beautiful contrast to the glowing scarlet of the coral that branched beside them.

The distant coast, at length, entirely disappeared. Adeline gazed with an emotion the most sublime on the boundless expanse of waters that spread on all sides: she seemed as if launched into a new world; the grandeur and immensity of the view astonished and overpowered her: for a moment she doubted the truth of the compass, and believed it to be almost impossible for the vessel to find its way over the pathless waters to any shore. And when she considered that a plank alone separated her from death, a sensation of unmixed terror superseded that of sublimity, and she hastily turned her eyes from the prospect, and her thoughts from the subject.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

“ Is there a heart that music cannot melt ?

“ Alas ! how is that rugged heart forlorn !

“ Is there who ne’er that mystic transport felt,

“ Of solitude and melancholy born ?

“ He need not woo the Muse—he is her scorn.”

BEATTIE.

**T**OWARDS evening the captain, to avoid the danger of encountering a Barbary corsair, steered for the French coast, and Adeline distinguished in the gleam of the setting sun the shores of Provence, feathered with wood, and green with pasturage. La Luc, languid and ill, had retired to the cabin, whither Clara attended him. The pilot at the helm, guiding the tall vessel through the sounding waters, and one solitary sailor, leaning with crossed arms against the mast,

and now and then singing parts of a mournful ditty, were all of the crew, except Adeline, that remained upon deck; and Adeline silently watched the declining sun, which threw a saffron glow upon the waves, and on the sails, gently swelling in the breeze that was now dying away. The sun, at length, sunk below the ocean, and twilight stole over the scene, leaving the shadowy shores yet visible, and touching with a solemn tint the waters that stretched wide around. She sketched the picture, but it was with a faint pencil.

# N I G H T.

O'er the dim breast of Ocean's wave  
 Night spreads afar her gloomy wings,  
 And pensive thought, and silence brings,  
 Save when the distant waters lave.  
 Or when the mariner's lone voice  
 Swells faintly in the passing gale,  
 Or when the screaming sea-gulls poise  
 O'er the tall mast and swelling sail,

Bounding

Bounding the grey gleam of the deep,  
 Where fancy'd forms arouse the mind,  
 Dark sweep the shores, on whose rude steep  
 Sighs the sad spirit of the wind.  
 Sweet is its voice upon the air  
 At ev'ning's melancholy close,  
 When the smooth wave in silence flows!  
 Sweet, sweet the peace its stealing accents bear!  
 Blest be thy shades, O Night! and blest the song:  
 Thy low winds breathe the distant shores along!

As the shadows thickened, the scene  
 sunk into deeper repose. Even the sail-  
 lor's song had ceased; no sound was  
 heard but that of the waters dashing be-  
 neath the vessel, and their fainter mur-  
 mur on the pebbly coast. Adeline's  
 mind was in unison with the tranquillity  
 of the hour: lulled by the waves, she  
 resigned herself to a still melancholy,  
 and sat lost in reverie. The present mo-  
 ment brought to her recollection her  
 voyage up the Rhone, when, seeking re-  
 fuge from the terrors of the Marquis de  
 Montalt, she so anxiously endeavoured  
 to

to anticipate her future destiny. She then, as now, had watched the fall of evening and the fading prospect, and she remembered what a desolate feeling had accompanied the impressions which those objects had made. She had then no friends ---no asylum---no certainty of escaping the pursuit of her enemy. Now she had found affectionate friends---a secure retreat---and was delivered from the terrors she then suffered---but still she was unhappy. The remembrance of Theodore---of Theodore who had loved her so truly, who had encountered and suffered so much for her sake, and of whose fate she was now as ignorant as when she traversed the Rhone, was an incessant pang to her heart. She seemed to be more remote than ever from the possibility of hearing of him. Sometimes a faint hope crossed her that she had escaped the malice of his persecutor ; but when she considered the inveteracy and power of the latter, and the heinous light in which

which the law regards an assault upon a superior officer, even this poor hope vanished, and left her to tears and anguish, such as this reverie, which began with a sensation of only gentle melancholy, now led to. She continued to muse till the moon arose from the bosom of the ocean, and shed her trembling lustre upon the waves, diffusing peace, and making silence more solemn; beaming a soft light on the white sails, and throwing upon the waters the long shadow of the vessel, which now seemed to glide away unopposed by any current. Her tears had somewhat relieved the anguish of her mind, and she again reposed in placid melancholy, when a strain of such tender and entrancing sweetness stole on the silence of the hour, that it seemed more like celestial than mortal music---so soft, so soothing it sunk upon her ear, that it recalled her from misery to hope and love. She wept again—but these were tears which she would not have

have exchanged for mirth and joy. She looked round, but perceived neither ship nor boat; and as the undulating sounds swelled on the distant air, she thought they came from the shore. Sometimes the breeze wafted them away, and again returned them in tones of the most languishing softness. The links of the air thus broken, it was music rather than melody that she caught, till, the pilot gradually steering nearer the coast, she distinguished the notes of a song familiar to her ear. She endeavoured to recollect where she had heard it, but in vain: yet her heart beat almost unconsciously with a something resembling hope. Still she listened, till the breeze again stole the sounds. With regret she now perceived that the vessel was moving from them, and at length they trembled faintly on the waves, sunk away at a distance, and were heard no more. She remained upon the deck a considerable time, unwilling to relinquish the expectation of hearing

hearing them again, and their sweetness still vibrating on her fancy, and at length retired to the cabin oppressed by a degree of disappointment which the occasion did not appear to justify.

La Luc grew better during the voyage, his spirits revived, and when the vessel entered that part of the Mediterranean called the Gulf of Lyons, he was sufficiently animated to enjoy from the deck the noble prospect which the sweeping shores of Provence, terminating in the far distant ones of Languedoc, exhibited. Adeline and Clara, who anxiously watched his looks, rejoiced in their amendment; and the fond wishes of the latter already anticipated his perfect recovery. Disappointment had too often checked the expectations of Adeline, to permit her now to indulge an equal degree of hope with that of her friend, yet she confided much in the effect of this voyage.

La

La Luc amused himself at intervals with discoursing, and pointing out the situations of considerable ports on the coast, and the mouths of the rivers that, after wandering through Provence, dis-embogue themselves into the Mediterranean. The Rhone, however, was the only one of much consequence which he passed. On this object, though it was so distant, that fancy, perhaps, rather than the sense, beheld it, Clara gazed with peculiar pleasure, for it came from the banks of Savoy; and the wave, which she thought she perceived, had washed the feet of her dear native mountains. The time passed with mingled pleasure and improvement as La Luc described to his attentive pupils the manners and commerce of the different inhabitants of the coast, and the natural history of the country; or as he traced in imagination the remote wanderings of rivers to their source, and delineated the characteristic beauties of their scenery.

After

After a pleasing voyage of a few days, the shores of Provence receded, and that of Languedoc, which had long bounded the distance, became the grand object of the scene, and the sailors drew near their port. They landed in the afternoon at a small town situated at the foot of a woody eminence, on the right overlooking the sea, and on the left the rich plains of Languedoc, gay with the purple vine. La Luc determined to defer his journey till the following day, and was directed to a small inn at the extremity of the town, where the accommodation, such as it was, he endeavoured to be contented with.

In the evening the beauty of the hour, and the desire of exploring new scenes, invited Adeline to walk. La Luc was fatigued, and did not go out, and Clara remained with him. Adeline took her way to the woods that rose from the margin of the sea, and climbed the wild eminence on which they hung. Often

as

as she went she turned her eyes to catch between the dark foliage the blue waters of the bay, the white sail that flitted by, and the trembling gleam of the setting sun. When she reached the summit, and looked down over the dark tops of the woods on the wide and various prospect, she was seized with a kind of still rapture impossible to be expressed, and stood unconscious of the flight of time, till the sun had left the scene, and twilight threw its solemn shade upon the mountains. The sea alone reflected the fading splendor of the West; its tranquil surface was partially disturbed by the low wind that crept in tremulous lines along the waters, whence rising to the woods, it shivered their light leaves, and died away. Adeline resigning herself to the luxury of sweet and tender emotions, repeated the following lines:

SUN-SET.

## SUN-SET.

Soft o'er the mountain's purple brow  
 Meek Twilight draws her shadows grey :  
 From tufted woods and vallies low,  
 Light's magic colours steal away.  
 Yet still, amid the spreading gloom,  
 Resplendent glow the western waves,  
 That roll o'er Neptune's coral caves,  
 A zone of light on Ev'ning's dome.  
 On this lone summit let me rest,  
 And view the forms to Fancy dear,  
 Till on the Ocean's darken'd breast  
 The stars of Ev'ning tremble clear;  
 Or the moon's pale orb appear,  
 Throwing her line of radiance wide,  
 Far o'er the lightly-curling tide,  
 That seems the yellow sands to chide.  
 No sounds o'er silence now prevail,  
 Save of the dying wave below,  
 Or sailor's song borne on the gale,  
 Or oar at distance striking flow.  
 So sweet ! so tranquil ! may my ev'ning ray  
 Set to this world—and rise in future day.

Adeline

Adeline quitted the heights, and followed a narrow path that wound to the beach below; her mind was now particularly sensible to fine impressions, and the sweet notes of the nightingale amid the stillness of the woods again awakened her enthusiasm.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

---

Child of the melancholy song !  
O yet that tender strain prolong !

Her lengthen'd shade when Ev'ning flings,  
From mountain-cliffs, and forests green,  
And sailing slow on silent wings,  
Along the glimm'ring West is seen;  
I love o'er pathless hills to stray,  
Or trace the winding vale remote,  
And pause, sweet Bird ! to hear thy lay  
While moon-beams on the thin clouds float,  
Till o'er the mountain's dewy head  
Pale Midnight steals to wake the dead.  
Far through the Heav'ns' ætherial blue,  
Wafted on Spring's light airs you come,  
With blo ms, and flow'rs, and genial dew,  
From climes where Summer joys to roam,  
O ! welcome to your long lost home !

“ Child

“ Child of the melancholy song !”

Who lov’st the lonely woodland-glade  
To mourn, unseen, the boughs among,  
When Twilight spreads her pensive shade,  
Again thy dulcet voice I hail !

O ! pour again the liquid note  
That dies upon the ev’ning gale !  
For Fancy loves the kindred tone ;  
Her griefs the plaintive accents own.  
She loves to hear thy music float  
At solemn midnight’s stillest hour,  
And think on friends for ever lost,  
On joys by disappointment cross’d,  
And weep anew Love’s charming pow’r !

Then Memory wakes the magic smile,  
Th’ impassion’d voice, the melting eye,  
That won’t the trusting heart beguile,  
And *wakes again* the hopeless sigh !  
Her skill the glowing tints revive

Of scenes that Time had bade decay :  
She bids the soften’d Passions live—

The Passions urge again their sway.  
Yet o’er the long-regretted scene

Thy song the grace of sorrow throws ;  
A melancholy charm serene,

More rare than all that mirth bestows.

Then hail, sweet Bird ! and hail thy pensive tear !  
To Taste, to Fancy, and to Virtue dear !

The

The spreading dusk at length reminded Adeline of her distance from the inn, and that she had her way to find through a wild and lonely wood: she bade adieu to the syren that had so long detained her, and pursued the path with quick steps. Having followed it for some time, she became bewildered among the thickets, and the increasing darkness did not allow her to judge of the direction she was in. Her apprehensions heightened her difficulties: she thought she distinguished the voices of men at some little distance, and she increased her speed till she found herself on the sea sands, over which the woods impended. Her breath was now exhausted—she paused a moment to recover herself, and fearfully listened; but, instead of the voices of men, she heard faintly swelling in the breeze the notes of mournful music—Her heart, ever sensible to the impressions of melody, melted with the tones, and her fears were for a moment lulled  
in

in sweet enchantment. Surprise was soon mingled with delight, when, as the sounds advanced, she distinguished the tone of that instrument, and the melody of that well-known air, she had heard a few preceding evenings from the shores of Provence. But she had no time for conjecture---footsteps approached, and she renewed her speed. She was now emerged from the darkness of the woods, and the moon, which shone bright, exhibited along the leve sands the town and port in the distance. The steps that had followed now came up with her, and she perceived two men, but they passed in conversation without noticing her, and as they passed she was certain she recollected the voice of him who was then speaking. Its tones were so familiar to her ear, that she was surprised at the imperfect memory which did not suffer her to be assured by whom they were uttered. Another step now followed, and a rude voice called her to stop.

As

As she hastily turned her eyes she saw imperfectly by the moonlight a man in a sailor's habit pursuing, while he renewed the call. Impelled by terror she fled along the sands, but her steps were short and trembling---those of her pursuer's strong and quick.

She had just strength sufficient to reach the men who had before passed her, and to implore their protection, when her pursuer came up with them, but suddenly turned into the woods on the left, and disappeared.

She had no breath to answer the inquiries of the strangers who supported her, till a sudden exclamation, and the sound of her own name, drew her eyes attentively upon the person who uttered them, and in the rays which shone strong upon his features, she distinguished M. Verneuil!---Mutual satisfaction and explanation ensued, and when he learned that La Luc and his daughter were at the inn, he felt an increased pleasure in con-

ducting her thither. He said that he had accidentally met with an old friend in Savoy, whom he now introduced by the name of Mauron, and who had prevailed on him to change his route and accompany him to the shores of the Mediterranean. They had embarked from the coast of Provence only a few preceding days, and had that evening landed in Languedoc, on the estate of M. Mauron. Adeline had now no doubt that it was the flute of M. Verneuil, and which had so often delighted her at Leloncourt, that she had heard on the sea.

When they reached the inn they found La Luc under great anxiety for Adeline, in search of whom he had sent several people. Anxiety yielded to surprize and pleasure, when he perceived her with M. Verneuil, whose eyes beamed with unusual animation on seeing Clara. After mutual congratulations, M. Verneuil observed, and lamented, the very indifferent

ferent accommodation which the inn afforded his friends, and M. Maureon immediately invited them to his chateau, with a warmth of hospitality that overcame every scruple which delicacy or pride could oppose. The woods that Adeline had traversed formed a part of his domain, which extended almost to the inn; but he insisted that his carriage should take his guests to the chateau, and departed to give orders for their reception. The presence of M. Verneuil, and the kindness of his friend, gave to La Luc an unusual flow of spirits; he conversed with a degree of vigour and liveliness to which he had long been unaccustomed, and the smile of satisfaction, that Clara gave to Adeline, expressed how much she thought he was already benefited by the voyage. Adeline answered her look with a smile of less confidence, for she attributed his present animation to a more temporary cause.

About half an hour after the departure of M. Mauron, a boy, who served as waiter, brought a message from a Chevalier then at the inn, requesting permission to speak with Adeline. The man who had pursued her along the sands instantly occurred to her, and she scarcely doubted that the stranger was some person belonging to the Marquis de Montalt, perhaps the Marquis himself, though that he should have discovered her accidentally, in so obscure a place, and so immediately upon her arrival, seemed very improbable. With trembling lips, and a countenance pale as death, she enquired the name of the Chevalier. The boy was not acquainted with it. La Luc asked what sort of a person he was; but the boy, who understood little of the art of describing, gave such a confused account of him, that Adeline could only learn he was not large, but only of a middle stature. This circumstance, however, convincing her it was not the Marquis de Montalt who

who desired to see her, she asked, whether it would be agreeable to La Luc to have the stranger admitted? La Luc said, "By all means;" and the waiter withdrew. Adeline sat in trembling expectation till the door opened, and Louis de la Motte entered the room. He advanced with an embarrassed and melancholy air, though his countenance had been enlightened with a momentary pleasure when he first beheld Adeline--- Adeline, who was still the idol of his heart. After the first salutations were over, all apprehensions of the Marquis being now dissipated, she enquired when Louis had seen Monsieur and Madame La Motte.

"I ought rather to ask you that question," said Louis, in some confusion, "for I believe you have seen them since I have; and the pleasure of meeting you thus is equalled by my surprize. I have not heard from my father for some time, owing probably to my re-  
giment

“giment being moved to new quarters.”

He looked as if he wished to be informed with whom Adeline now was; but as this was a subject upon which it was impossible she should speak in the presence of La Luc, she led the conversation to general topics, after having said that Monsieur and Madame La Motte were well when she left them. Louis spoke little, and often looked anxiously at Adeline, while his mind seemed labouring under strong oppression. She observed this, and recollecting the declaration he had made her on the morning of his departure from the Abbey, she attributed his present embarrassment to the effect of a passion yet unsubdued, and did not appear to notice it. After he had sat near a quarter of an hour under a struggle of feelings which he could neither conquer nor conceal, he rose to leave the room, and as he passed Adeline, said, in a low voice, “Do permit me to speak with you alone  
“ for

“ for five minutes.” She hesitated in some confusion, and then saying there were none but friends present, begged he would be seated.---“ Excuse me,” said he, in the same low accent ; “ What I “ would say nearly concerns you, and “ you only. Do favour me with a few “ moments attention.” He said this with a look that surprised her ; and having ordered candles into another room she went thither.

Louis sat for some moments silent, and seemingly in great perturbation of mind. At length he said, “ I know not whether “ to rejoice or to lament at this unexpected meeting, though if you are in safe “ hands, I ought certainly to rejoice, “ however hard the task that now falls “ to my lot. I am not ignorant of the “ dangers and persecutions you have suffered, and cannot forbear expressing “ my anxiety to know how you are “ now circumstanced. Are you indeed “ with friends?---“ I am,” said Adeline ;

line ; "M. La Motte has informed you."

—"No," replied Louis, with a deep sigh, "not my father."---He paused.---

"But I do indeed rejoice," resumed he,

"O! how sincerely rejoice! that you

"are in safety. Could you know, lovely

"Adeline, what I have suffered!"---

He checked himself.---"I understood

"you had something of importance to

"say, Sir," said Adeline; "you must

"excuse me if I remind you that I have

"not many moments to spare."

"It is indeed of importance," replied

Louis; "yet I know not how to mention

"it---how to soften---This task is too

"severe. Alas! my poor friend!"

"Who is it you speak of, Sir?" said

Adeline, with quickness. Louis rose

from his chair, and walked about the

room. "I would prepare you for what

"I have to say," he resumed, "but

"upon my soul I am not equal to it."

"I entreat you to keep me no longer

"in suspense," said Adeline, who had

a wild

a wild suspicion that it was Theodore he would speak of. Louis still hesitated.

"Is it---O is it?---I conjure you tell me  
"the worst at once," said she, in a voice of agony. "I can bear it---indeed I  
"can."

"My unhappy friend!" exclaimed Louis! "O Theodore!" "Theodore!" faintly articulated Adeline, "he lives  
"then!"—"He does," said Louis, "but"---He stopped.---"But what?" cried Adeline, trembling violently; "If  
"he is living, you cannot tell me worse  
"than my fears suggest; I entreat you,  
"therefore, not to hesitate."—Louis resumed his seat, and, endeavouring to assume a collected air, said, "He is  
"living, Madam; but he is a prisoner,  
"and---for why should I deceive you?  
"I fear he has little to hope in this  
"world."

"I have long feared so, Sir," said Adeline, in a voice of forced composure: "you have something more ter-

“ rible than this to relate, and I again  
 “ entreat you will explain yourself.”

“ He has every thing to apprehend  
 “ from the Marquis de Montalt,” said  
 Louis. “ Alas! why do I say to appre-  
 “ hend? His judgment is already fixed  
 “ —he is condemned to die.”

At this confirmation of her fears, a death-like paleness diffused itself over the countenance of Adeline; she sat motionless, and attempted to sigh, but seemed almost suffocated. Terrified at her situation, and expecting to see her faint, Louis would have supported her, but with her hand she waved him from her, unable to speak. He now called for assistance, and La Luc and Clara, with M. Verneuil, informed of Adeline's indisposition, were quickly by her side.

At the sound of their voices she looked up, and seemed to recollect herself, when uttering a heavy sigh she burst into tears. La Luc rejoiced to see her weep,

weep, encouraged her tears, which, after some time, relieved her, and when she was able to speak, she desired to go back to La Luc's parlour. Louis attended her thither; when she was better he would have withdrawn, but La Luc begged he would stay.

"You are, perhaps, a relation of this young lady, Sir," said he, "and may have brought news of her father?"—"Not so, Sir," replied Louis, hesitating.---"This gentleman," said Adeline, who had now recollected her dissipated thoughts, "is the son of the M. La Motte, whom you may have heard me mention."—Louis seemed shocked to be declared the son of a man that had once acted so unworthily towards Adeline, who, instantly perceiving the pain her words occasioned, endeavoured to soften their effect, by saying that La Motte had saved her from imminent danger, and had afforded her an asylum for many months. Adeline sat in a state of dread-

ful

ful solicitude to know the particulars of Theodore's situation, yet could not acquire courage to renew the subject in the presence of La Luc; she ventured, however, to ask Louis if his own regiment was quartered in the town.

He replied, that his regiment lay at Vaceau, a French town in the frontiers of Spain; that he had just crossed a part of the Gulph of Lyons, and was on his way to Savoy, whither he should set out early in the morning.

"We are lately come from thence," said Adeline; "may I ask to what part of Savoy you are going?"—"To Leloncourt," he replied.---"To Leloncourt!" said Adeline, in some surprise.---"I am a stranger to the country," resumed Louis; "but I go to serve my friend. You seem to know Leloncourt."—"I do, indeed," said Adeline.---"You probably know then that M. La Luc lives there, and will guess the motive of my journey."

“ O heaven ! is it possible ? ” exclaimed Adeline---“ is it possible that Theodore Peyrou is a relation of M. La Luc ! ”

“ Theodore ! what of my son ? ” asked La Luc, in surprize and apprehension.---“ Your son ! ” said Adeline, in a trembling voice, “ your son ! ” The astonishment and anguish depicted on her countenance increased the apprehensions of this unfortunate father, and he renewed his question. But Adeline was totally unable to answer him ; and the distress of Louis, on thus unexpectedly discovering the father of his unhappy friend, and knowing that it was his task to disclose the fate of his son, deprived him for some time of all power of utterance, and La Luc and Clara, whose fears were every instance heightened by this dreadful silence, continued to repeat their questions.

At length a sense of the approaching sufferings of the good La Luc overcoming  
every

every other feeling, Adeline recovered strength of mind sufficient to try to soften the intelligence Louis had to communicate, and to conduct Clara to another room. Here she collected resolution to tell her, and with much tender consideration, the circumstances of her brother's situation, concealing only her knowledge of his sentence being already pronounced. This relation necessarily included the mention of their attachment, and in the friend of her heart, Clara discovered the innocent cause of her brother's destruction. Adeline also learned the occasion of that circumstance which had contributed to keep her ignorant of Theodore's relationship to La Luc; she was told the former had taken the name of Peyrou, with an estate which had been left him about a year before, by a relation of his mother's upon that condition. Theodore had been designed for the church, but his disposition inclined him to a more active life than the clerical habit.

habit would admit of; and on his accession to the estate, he had entered into the service of the French king.

In the few and interrupted interviews which had been allowed them at Caux, Theodore had mentioned his family to Adeline only in general terms, and thus, when they were so suddenly separated, had, without designing it, left her in ignorance of his father's name and place of residence.

The sacredness and delicacy of Adeline's grief, which had never permitted her to mention the subject of it even to Clara, had since contributed to deceive her.

The distress of Clara, on learning the situation of her brother, could endure no restraint; Adeline, who, by a strong effort of mind, had commanded her feelings so as to impart this intelligence with tolerable composure, was now almost overwhelmed by her own and Clara's  
accu-

accumulated sufferings. While they wept forth the anguish of their hearts, a scene, if possible, more affecting passed between La Luc and Louis, who perceived it was necessary to inform him, though cautiously and by degrees, of the full extent of his calamity. He therefore told La Luc, that though Theodore had been first tried for the offence of having quitted his post, he was now condemned on a charge of assault made upon his general officer, the Marquis de Montalt, who had brought witnesses to prove, that his life had been endangered by the circumstance; and who having pursued the prosecution with the most bitter rancour, had at length obtained the sentence which the law could not withhold, but which every other officer of the regiment deplored.

Louis added, that the sentence was to be executed in less than a fortnight, and that Theodore being very unhappy at receiving

receiving no answers to the letters he had sent his father, wishing to see him once more, and knowing that there was now no time to be lost, had requested him to go to Leloncourt, and acquaint his father with his situation.

La Luc received the account of his son's condition with a distress that admitted neither of tears nor complaint. He asked where Theodore was, and desiring to be conducted to him, he thanked Louis for all his kindness, and ordered post-horses immediately.

A carriage was soon ready, and this unhappy father, after taking a mournful leave of M. Verneuil, and sending a compliment to M. Mauron, attended by his family, set out for the prison of his son. The journey was a silent one; each individual of the party endeavoured, in consideration of each other, to suppress the expression of grief, but was unable to do more. La Luc appeared calm and  
com-

complacent; he seemed frequently to be engaged in prayer; but a struggle for resignation and composure was sometimes visible upon his countenance, notwithstanding the efforts of his mind to conceal it.

CHAP.

## CHAPTER XIX.

“And venom’d with disgrace the dart of Death.”

SEWARD.

WE now return to the Marquis de Montalt, who having seen La Motte safely lodged in the prison of D——y, and learning that the trial would not come on immediately, had returned to his villa on the borders of the forest, where he expected to hear news of Adeline. It had been his intention to follow his servants to Lyons; but he now determined to wait a few days for letters, and he had little doubt that Adeline, since her flight had been so quickly pursued, would be overtaken, and probably before she could reach that city. In this expectation he had been miserably disappointed; for his servants informed him,  
that

that though they traced her thither, they had neither been able to follow her route beyond, nor to discover her at Lyons. This escape she probably owed to having embarked on the Rhone; for it does not appear that the Marquis's people thought of seeking her on the course of that river.

His presence was soon after required at Vaceau, where the court-martial was then sitting; thither, therefore, he went, with passions still more exasperated by his late disappointment, and procured the condemnation of Theodore. The sentence was universally lamented, for Theodore was much beloved in his regiment; and the occasion of the Marquis's personal resentment towards him being known, every heart was interested in his cause.

Louis de la Motte happening at this time to be stationed in the same town, heard an imperfect account of his story, and being convinced that the prisoner was the  
young

young chevalier whom he had formerly seen with the Marquis at the Abbey, he was induced, partly from compassion, and partly with a hope of hearing of his parents, to visit him. The compassionate sympathy which Louis expressed, and the zeal with which he tendered his services, affected Theodore, and excited in him a warm return of friendship. Louis made him frequent visits, did every thing that kindness could suggest to alleviate his sufferings, and a mutual esteem and confidence ensued.

Theodore at length communicated the chief subject of his concern to Louis, who discovered, with inexpressible grief, that it was Adeline whom the Marquis had thus cruelly persecuted, and Adeline for whose sake the generous Theodore was about to suffer. He soon perceived also that Theodore was his favoured rival; but he generously suppressed the jealous pang this discovery occasioned, and determined that no prejudice of  
passion

passion should withdraw him from the duties of humanity and friendship. He eagerly inquired where Adeline then resided. "She is yet, I fear, in the power of the Marquis," said Theodore, sighing deeply. "O God!—these chains!"—and he threw an agonizing glance upon them. Louis sat silent and thoughtful; at length, starting from his reverie, he said he would go to the Marquis, and immediately quitted the prison. The Marquis was, however, already set off for Paris, where he had been summoned to appear at the approaching trial of La Motte; and Louis, yet ignorant of the late transactions at the Abbey, returned to the prison, where he endeavoured to forget that Theodore was the favoured rival of his love, and to remember him only as the defender of Adeline. So earnestly he pressed his offers of service, that Theodore, whom the silence of his father equally surprised and afflicted, and who was very anxious to see him once again, accepted

accepted his proposal of going himself to Savoy. "My letters I strongly suspect to have been intercepted by the Marquis," said Theodore; "if so, my poor father will have the whole weight of his calamity to sustain at once, unless I avail myself of your kindness, and I shall neither see him nor hear from him before I die. Louis! there are moments when my fortitude shrinks from the conflict, and my senses threaten to desert me."

No time was to be lost; the warrant for his execution had already received the king's signature, and Louis immediately set forward for Savoy. The letters of Theodore had, indeed, been intercepted by order of the Marquis, who, in the hope of discovering the asylum of Adeline, had opened and afterwards destroyed them.

But to return to La Luc, who now drew near Vaceau, and who his family observed to be greatly changed in his looks

looks since he had heard the late calamitous intelligence; he uttered no complaint; but it was too obvious that his disorder had made a rapid progress. Louis, who, during his journey, proved the goodness of his disposition by the delicate attention he paid this unhappy party, concealed his observation of the decline of La Luc, and, to support Adeline's spirits, endeavoured to convince her that her apprehensions on this subject were groundless. Her spirits did indeed require support, for she was now within a few miles of the town that contained Theodore; and while her increasing perturbation almost overcame her, she yet tried to appear composed. When the carriage entered the town, she cast a timid and anxious glance from the window in search of the prison; but having passed through several streets without perceiving any building which corresponded with her idea of that she looked for, the coach stopped at the inn. The frequent changes  
in

in La Luc's countenance betrayed the violent agitation of his mind, and when he attempted to alight, feeble and exhausted, he was compelled to accept the support of Louis, to whom he faintly said, as he passed to the parlour, "I am indeed sick at heart, but I trust the pain will not be long." Louis pressed his hand without speaking, and hastened back for Adeline and Clara, who were already in the passage. La Luc wiped the tears from his eyes (they were the first he had shed) as they entered the room. "I would go immediately to my poor boy," said he to Louis; "your's, Sir, is a mournful office—be so good as to conduct me to him." He rose to go, but, feeble and overcome with grief, again sat down. Adeline and Clara, united in entreating that he would compose himself, and take some refreshment, and Louis urging the necessity of preparing Theodore for the interview, prevailed with him to delay it till his son

should be informed of his arrival, and immediately quitted the inn for the prison of his friend. When he was gone, La Luc, as a duty he owed to those he loved, tried to take some support, but the convulsions of his throat would not suffer him to swallow the wine he held to his parched lips, and he was now so much disordered, that he desired to retire to his chamber, where alone, and in prayer, he passed the dreadful interval of Louis's absence.

Clara on the bosom of Adeline, who sat in calm but deep distress, yielded to the violence of her grief. "I shall lose my dear father too," said she; "I see it; I shall lose my father and my brother together." Adeline wept with her friend for some time in silence; and then attempted to persuade her that La Luc was not so ill as she apprehended.

"Do not mislead me with hope," she replied, "he will not survive the shock of this calamity—I saw it from  
" the

“the first.” Adeline knowing that La Luc’s distress would be heightened by the observance of his daughter’s, and that indulgence would only increase its poignancy, endeavoured to rouse her to an exertion of fortitude, by urging the necessity of commanding her emotion in the presence of her father. “This is possible,” added she, “however painful may be the effort. You must know, my dear, that my grief is not inferior to your own, yet I have hitherto been enabled to support my sufferings in silence; for M. La Luc I do, indeed, love and reverence as a parent.”

Louis meanwhile reached the prison of Theodore, who received him with an air of mingled surprize and impatience. “What brings you back so soon?” said he; “have you heard news of my father?” Louis now gradually unfolded the circumstances of their meeting, and La Luc’s arrival at

Vaccan. A various emotion agitated the countenance of Theodore on receiving this intelligence. "My poor father!" said he, "he has then followed his son to this ignominious place! Little did I think when last we parted he would meet me in a prison, under condemnation!" This reflection roused an impetuosity of grief which deprived him for some time of speech. "But where is he?" said Theodore, recovering himself; "now he is come I shrink from the interview I have so much wished for. The sight of his distress will be dreadful to me. Louis! when I am gone—comfort my poor father." His voice was again interrupted by sobs; and Louis, who had been fearful of acquainting him at the same time of the arrival of La Luc, and the discovery of Adeline, now judged it proper to administer the cordial of this latter intelligence.

The

The glooms of a prison, and of calamity, vanished for a transient moment; those who had seen Theodore, would have believed this to be the instant which gave him life and liberty. When his first emotions subsided, "I will not repine," said he, "since I know that Adeline is preserved, and that I shall once more see my father, I will endeavour to die with resignation." He inquired if La Luc was then in the prison; and was told he was at the inn with Clara and Adeline. "Adeline! Is Adeline there too!—This is beyond my hopes. Yet why do I rejoice? I must never see her more: this is no place for Adeline." Again he relapsed into an agony of distress—and again repeated a thousand questions concerning Adeline, till he was reminded by Louis that his father was impatient to see him—when, shocked that he had so long detained his friend, he entreated him to conduct

La

La Luc to the prison, and endeavoured to recollect fortitude for the approaching interview.

When Louis returned to the inn, La Luc was still in his chamber, and Clara quitting the room to call him, Adeline seized with trembling impatience the opportunity to inquire more particularly concerning Theodore, than she chose to do in the presence of his unhappy sister. Louis represented him to be much more tranquil than he really was: Adeline was somewhat soothed by the account; and her tears, hitherto restrained, flowed silently and fast, till La Luc appeared. His countenance had recovered its serenity, but was impressed with a deep and steady sorrow, which excited in the beholder a mingled emotion of pity and reverence. "How  
 "is my son, Sir?" said he, as he entered the room. "We will go to him immediately."

Clara

Clara renewed the entreaties that had been already rejected, to accompany her father, who persisted in a refusal. "To-morrow you shall see him," added he; "but our first meeting must be alone. Stay with your friend, my dear; she has need of consolation." When La Luc was gone, Adeline, unable longer to struggle against the force of grief, retired to her chamber and her bed.

La Luc walked silently towards the prison, resting on the arm of Louis. It was now night; a dim lamp that hung above shewed them the gates, and Louis rung a bell; La Luc, almost overcome with agitation, leaned against the postern till the porter appeared. He inquired for Theodore, and followed the man; but when he reached the second court-yard, he seemed ready to faint, and again stopped. Louis desired the porter would fetch some water; but La Luc, recovering his voice, said

said he should soon be better, and would not suffer him to go. In a few minutes he was able to follow Louis, who led him through several dark passages, and up a flight of steps to a door, which being unbarred, disclosed to him the prison of his son. He was seated at a small table, on which stood a lamp that threw a feeble light across the place, sufficient only to shew its desolation and wretchedness. When he perceived La Luc, he sprung from his chair, and in the next moment was in his arms. "My father!" said he, in a tremulous voice.—"My son!" exclaimed La Luc; and they were for some time silent, and locked in each other's embrace. At length Theodore led him to the only chair the room afforded, and seating himself with Louis at the foot of the bed, had leisure to observe the ravages which illness and calamity had made on the features of his parent. La Luc made several efforts to speak, but unable to articulate, laid

laid his hand upon his breast, and sighed deeply. Fearful of the consequence of so affecting a scene on his shattered frame, Louis endeavoured to call off his attention from the immediate object of his distress, and interrupted the silence; but La Luc shuddering, and complaining he was very cold, sunk back in his chair. His condition roused Theodore from the stupor of despair; and while he flew to support his father, Louis ran out for other assistance.---“I shall soon be better, Theodore,” said La Luc, unclosing his eyes, “the faintness is already gone off. I have not been well of late; and this sad meeting!”--- Unable any longer to command himself, Theodore wrung his hands, and the distress which had long struggled for utterance, burst in convulsive sobs from his breast. La Luc gradually revived, and exerted himself to calm the transports of his son: but the fortitude of the latter had now entirely forsaken him,

and he could only utter exclamation and complaint. "Ah! little did I think  
 " we should ever meet under circum-  
 " stances so dreadful as the present! But  
 " I have not deserved them, my father!  
 " the motives of my conduct have still  
 " been just."

"That is my supreme consolation,"  
 said La Luc, "and ought to support  
 " you in this hour of trial. The Al-  
 " mighty God, who is the judge of  
 " hearts, will reward you hereafter.  
 " Trust in him, my son; I look to  
 " him with no feeble hope; with a firm  
 " reliance on his justice!" La Luc's  
 voice faltered; he raised his eyes to  
 heaven with an expression of meek de-  
 votion, while the tears of humanity fell  
 slowly on his cheek.

Still more affected by his last words,  
 Theodore turned from him, and paced  
 the room with quick steps: the entrance  
 of Louis was a very seasonable relief to  
 La Luc, who, taking a cordial he had  
 brought,

brought, was soon sufficiently restored to discourse on the subject most interesting to him. Theodore tried to attain a command of his feelings, and succeeded. He conversed with tolerable composure for above an hour, during which La Luc endeavoured to elevate, by religious hope, the mind of his son, and to enable him to meet with fortitude the awful hour that approached. But the appearance of resignation which Theodore attained, always vanished when he reflected that he was going to leave his father a prey to grief, and his beloved Adeline for ever. When La Luc was about to depart, he again mentioned her.

“ Afflicting as an interview must be in  
 “ our present circumstances,” said he,  
 “ I cannot bear the thought of quitting  
 “ the world without seeing her once  
 “ again; yet I know not how to ask  
 “ her to encounter, for my sake, the  
 “ misery of a parting scene. Tell her  
 “ that my thoughts never, for a mo-  
 “ ment,

"ment, leave her; that"—La Luc interrupted, and assured him, that since he so much wished it, he should see her, though a meeting could serve only to heighten the mutual anguish of a final separation.

"I know it—I know it too well," said Theodore; "yet I cannot resolve to see her no more, and thus spare her the pain this interview must inflict. O my father! when I think of those whom I must soon leave for ever, my heart breaks. But I will indeed try to profit by your precept and example, and shew that your paternal care has not been in vain. My good Louis, go with my father—he has need of support. How much I owe this generous friend," added Theodore, "you well know, Sir."—"I do, in truth," replied La Luc, "and can never repay his kindness to you. He has contributed to support us all; but you require comfort more than myself."

"self---he shall remain with you---I will  
 "go alone."

This Theodore would not suffer; and La Luc no longer opposing him, they affectionately embraced, and separated for the night.

When they reached the inn, La Luc consulted with Louis on the possibility of addressing a petition to the sovereign time enough to save Theodore. His distance from Paris, and the short interval before the period fixed for the execution of the sentence, made this design difficult; but believing it was practicable, La Luc, incapable as he appeared of performing so long a journey, determined to attempt it. Louis, thinking that the undertaking would prove fatal to the father, without benefiting the son, endeavoured, though faintly, to dissuade him from it---but his resolution was fixed.---"If I sacrifice the small remains  
 "of my life in the service of my child," said he, "I shall lose little: if I save  
 "him,

“ him, I shall gain every thing. There  
 “ is no time to be lost---I will set off im-  
 “ mediately.”

He would have ordered post-horses, but Louis, and Clara, who was now come from the bed-side of her friend, urged the necessity of his taking a few hours repose: he was at length compelled to acknowledge himself unequal to the immediate exertion which parental anxiety prompted, and consented to seek rest.

When he had retired to his chamber, Clara lamented the condition of her father.---“ He will not bear the journey,” said she; “ he is greatly changed within these few days.”——Louis was so entirely of her opinion, that he could not disguise it, even to flatter her with a hope. She added, what did not contribute to raise his spirits, that Adeline was so much indisposed by her grief for the situation of Theodore, and the sufferings of

of La Luc, that she dreaded the consequence.

It has been seen that the passion of young La Motte had suffered no abatement from time or absence; on the contrary, the persecution and the dangers which had pursued Adeline awakened all his tenderness, and drew her nearer to his heart. When he had discovered that Theodore loved her, and was beloved again, he experienced all the anguish of jealousy and disappointment; for though she had forbade him to hope, he found it too painful an effort to obey her, and had secretly cherished the flame which he ought to have stifled. His heart was, however, too noble to suffer his zeal for Theodore to abate because he was his favoured-rival, and his mind too strong not to conceal the anguish this certainty occasioned. The attachment which Theodore had testified towards Adeline even endeared him to Louis, when he had recovered  
from

from the first shock of disappointment; and that conquest over jealousy which originated in principle, and was pursued with difficulty, became afterwards his pride and his glory. When, however, he again saw Adeline—saw her in the mild dignity of sorrow more interesting than ever—saw her, though sinking beneath its pressure, yet tender and solicitous to soften the afflictions of those around her—it was with the utmost difficulty he preserved his resolution, and forbore to express the sentiments she inspired. When he farther considered that her acute sufferings arose from the strength of her affection, he more than ever wished himself the object of a heart capable of so tender a regard, and Theodore in prison, and in chains, was a momentary object of envy.

In the morning, when La Luc arose from short and disturbed slumbers, he found Louis, Clara, and Adeline, whom indisposition could not prevent from pay-  
ing

ing him this testimony of respect and affection, assembled in the parlour of the inn to see him depart. After a slight breakfast, during which his feelings permitted him to say little, he bade his friends a sad farewell, and stepped into the carriage, followed by their tears and prayers.---Adeline immediately retired to her chamber, which she was too ill to quit that day. In the evening Clara left her friend, and, conducted by Louis, went to visit her brother, whose emotions, on hearing of his father's departure, were various and strong.

CHAP-

## CHAPTER XX.

" 'Tis only when with inbred horror smote,  
 " Of some base act, or done, or to be done,  
 " That the recoiling soul with conscious dread,  
 " Shrinks back into itself."

MASON.

**W**E return now to Pierre de la Motte, who, after remaining some weeks in the prison of D——y, was removed to take his trial in the courts of Paris, whither the Marquis de Montalt followed to prosecute the charge. Madame de la Motte accompanied her husband to the prison of the Chatelet. His mind sunk under the weight of his misfortunes, nor could all the efforts of his wife rouse him from the torpidity of despair which a consideration of his circumstances occasioned. Should he even be acquitted of the charge

charge brought against him by the Marquis (which was very unlikely) he was now in the scene of his former crimes, and the moment that should liberate him from the walls of his prison, would probably deliver him again into the hands of offended justice.

The prosecution of the Marquis was too well founded, and its objects of a nature too serious, not to justify the terror of La Motte. Soon after the latter had settled at the Abbey of St. Clair, the small stock of money which the emergency of his circumstances had left him being nearly exhausted, his mind became corroded with the most cruel anxiety concerning the means of his future subsistence. As he was one evening riding alone in a remote part of the forest, musing on his distressed circumstances, and meditating plans to relieve the exigencies which he saw approaching, he perceived among the trees, at some distance, a chevalier on horseback, who was riding

riding deliberately along, and seemed wholly unattended. A thought darted across the mind of La Motte, that he might be spared the evils which threatened him, by robbing this stranger. His former practises had passed the boundary of honesty,—fraud was in some degree familiar to him—and the thought was not dismissed. He hesitated—every moment of hesitation increased the power of temptation—the opportunity was such as might never occur again. He looked round, and as far as the trees opened saw no person but the chevalier, who seemed by his air to be a man of distinction. Summoning all his courage, La Motte rode forward and attacked him. The Marquis de Montalt, for it was him, was unarmed, but knowing that his attendants were not far off, he refused to yield. While they were struggling for victory, La Motte saw several horsemen enter the extremity of the avenue, and, rendered desperate by opposition.

tion and delay, he drew from his pocket a pistol (which an apprehension of banditti made him usually carry when he rode to a distance from the Abbey) and fired at the Marquis, who staggered, and fell senseless to the ground. La Motte had time to steal from his coat a brilliant star, some diamond rings from his fingers, and to rifle his pockets, before his attendants came up. Instead of pursuing the robber, they all, in their first confusion, flew to assist their lord, and La Motte escaped.

He stopped before he reached the Abbey, at a little ruin, the tomb formerly mentioned, to examine his booty. It consisted of a purse, containing seventy louis-d'ors; of a diamond star, three rings of great value, and a miniature, set with brilliants, of the Marquis himself, which he had intended as a present for his favorite mistress. To La Motte, who but a few hours before had seen himself nearly destitute, the view of this  
treasure

treasure excited an almost ungovernable transport; but it was soon checked, when he remembered the means he had employed to obtain it, and that he had paid for the wealth he contemplated the price of blood. Naturally violent in his passions, this reflection sunk him from the summit of exultation to the abyss of despondency. He considered himself a murderer, and, startled as one awakened from a dream, would have given half the world, had it been his, to have been as poor, and, comparatively, as guiltless, as a few preceding hours had seen him. On examining the portrait, he discovered the resemblance, and believing that his hand had deprived the original of life, he gazed upon the picture with unutterable anguish. To the horrors of remorse succeeded the perplexities of fear. Apprehensive of he knew not what, he lingered at the tomb, where he at length deposited his treasure, believing, that if his offence should awaken justice, the

Abbey

Abbey might be searched, and these jewels betray him. From Madame La Motte it was easy to conceal his increase of wealth; for, as he had never made her acquainted with the exact state of his finances, she had not suspected the extreme poverty which menaced him, and as they continued to live as usual, she believed that their expences were drawn from the usual supply. But it was not so easy to disguise the workings of remorse and horror: his manner became gloomy and reserved, and his frequent visits to the tomb, where he went partly to examine his treasure, but chiefly to indulge in the dreadful pleasure of contemplating the picture of the Marquis, excited curiosity. In the solitude of the forest, where no variety of objects occurred to renovate his ideas, the horrible one of having committed murder, was ever present to him.—When the Marquis arrived at the Abbey, the astonishment and terror of La Motte, for, at first,

first, he scarce knew whether he beheld the shadow or the substance of a human form, were quickly succeeded by apprehension of the punishment due to the crime he had really committed. When his distress had prevailed on the Marquis to retire, he informed him that he was by birth a chevalier: he then touched upon such parts of his misfortunes as he thought would excite pity, expressed such abhorrence of his guilt, and voluntarily uttered such a solemn promise of returning the jewels he had yet in his possession, for he had ventured to dispose only of a small part, that the Marquis at length listened to him with some degree of compassion. This favourable sentiment, seconded by a selfish motive, induced the Marquis to compromise with La Motte. Of quick and inflammable passions, he had observed the beauty of Adeline with an eye of no common regard, and he resolved to spare the life of La Motte upon no other condition than the

the sacrifice of this unfortunate girl. La Motte had neither resolution nor virtue sufficient to reject the terms—the jewels were restored, and he consented to betray the innocent Adeline. But as he was too well acquainted with her heart to believe that she would easily be won to the practice of vice, and as he still felt a degree of pity and tenderness for her, he endeavoured to prevail on the Marquis to forbear precipitate measures, and to attempt gradually to undermine her principles by seducing her affections. He approved and adopted this plan: the failure of his first scheme induced him to employ the stratagems he afterwards pursued, and thus to multiply the misfortunes of Adeline.

Such were the circumstances which had brought La Motte to his present deplorable situation. The day of trial was now come, and he was led from prison into the court, where the Marquis appeared as his accuser. When the charge

was delivered, La Motte, as is usual, pleaded Not Guilty, and the Advocate Nemours, who had undertaken to plead for him, afterwards endeavoured to make it appear, that the accusation, on the part of the Marquis de Montalt, was false and malicious. To this purpose he mentioned the circumstance of the latter having attempted to persuade his client to the murder of Adeline: he farther urged that the Marquis had lived in habits of intimacy with La Motte for several months immediately preceding his arrest, and that it was not till he had disappointed the designs of his accuser, by conveying beyond his reach, the unhappy object of his vengeance, that the Marquis had thought proper to charge La Motte with the crime for which he stood indicted. Nemours urged the improbability of one man's keeping up a friendly intercourse with another from whom he had suffered the double injury of assault and robbery; yet it was cer-  
tain

tain that the Marquis had observed a frequent intercourse with La Motte for some months following the time specified for the commission of the crime. If the Marquis intended to prosecute, why was it not immediately after his discovery of La Motte? and if not then, what had influenced him to prosecute at so distant a period?

To this nothing was replied on the part of the Marquis: for as his conduct on this point had been subservient to his designs on Adeline, he could not justify it but by exposing schemes which would betray the darkness of his character, and invalidate his cause. He, therefore contented himself with producing several of his servants as witnesses of the assault and robbery, who swore, without scruple, to the person of La Motte, though not one of them had seen him otherwise than through the gloom of evening and riding off at full speed. On a cross examination most of them contradicted

each other; their evidence was of course rejected; but, as the Marquis had yet two other witnesses to produce, whose arrival at Paris had been hourly expected, the event of the trial was postponed, and the court adjourned.

La Motte was re-conducted to his prison under the same pressure of despondency with which he had quitted it. As he walked through one of the avenues, he passed a man who stood by to let him proceed, and who regarded him with a fixed and earnest eye. La Motte thought he had seen him before; but the imperfect view he caught of his features, through the duskiness of the place, made him uncertain as to this, and his mind was in too perturbed a state to suffer him to feel an interest on the subject. When he was gone, the stranger inquired of the keeper of the prison who La Motte was; on being told, and receiving answers to some farther questions he put, he desired he might be admitted to speak with him.

The

The request, as the man was only a debtor, was granted; but as the doors were now shut for the night, the interview was deferred till the morrow.

La Motte found Madame in his room, where she had been waiting for some hours to hear the event of the trial. They now wished more earnestly than ever to see their son; but they were, as he had suspected, ignorant of his change of quarters, owing to the letters which he had, as usual, addressed to them, under an assumed name, remaining at the post-house of Auboin. This circumstance occasioned Madame La Motte to address her letters to the place of her son's late residence, and he had thus continued ignorant of his father's misfortunes and removal. Madame La Motte, surprized at receiving no answer to her letters, sent off another, containing an account of the trial, as far as it had proceeded, and a request that her son would obtain leave of absence, and set out for Paris instantly.

As

As she was still ignorant of the failure of her letters, and had it been otherwise, would not have known whither to have sent them, she directed them as usual.

Meanwhile his approaching fate was never absent for a moment from the mind of La Motte, which, feeble by nature, and still more enervated by habits of indulgence, refused to support him at this dreadful period.

While these scenes were passing at Paris, La Luc arrived there without any accident, after performing a journey, during which he had been supported almost entirely by the spirit of his resolution. He hastened to throw himself at the feet of the sovereign, and such was the excess of his feeling, on presenting the petition, which was to decide the fate of his son, that he could only look silently up, and then fainted. The king received the paper, and giving orders for the unhappy father to be taken care of, passed on. He was carried back to his hotel, where

where he waited the event of this his final effort.

Adeline, meanwhile, continued at Vaceau, in a state of anxiety too powerful for her long-agitated frame, and the illness, in consequence of this, confined her almost wholly to her chamber. Sometimes she ventured to flatter herself with a hope that the journey of La Luc would be successful: but these short and illusive intervals of comfort seemed only to heighten, by contrast, the despondency that succeeded, and, in the alternate extremes of feeling, she experienced a state more torturing than that produced either by the sharp sting of unexpected calamity, or the sullen pain of settled despair.

When she was well enough, she came down to the parlour to converse with Louis, who brought her frequent accounts of Theodore, and who passed every moment he could snatch from the duty of his profession, in endeavours to  
support

support and console his afflicted friends. Adeline and Theodore both looked to him for the little comfort allotted them, for he brought them intelligence of each other, and, whenever he appeared, a transient melancholy kind of pleasure played round their hearts. He could not conceal from Theodore Adeline's indisposition, since it was necessary to account for her not indulging the earnest wish he repeatedly expressed to see her again. To Adeline he spoke chiefly of the fortitude and resignation of his friend, not, however, forgetting to mention the tender affection he constantly expressed for her. Accustomed to derive her sole consolation from the presence of Louis, and to observe his unwearied friendship towards him whom she so truly loved, she found her esteem for him ripen into gratitude, and her regard daily increase.

The fortitude with which he had said Theodore supported his calamities was somewhat exaggerated. He could not sufficiently

sufficiently forget those ties which bound him to life to meet his fate with firmness; but though the paroxysms of grief were acute and frequent, he fought, and often attained, in the presence of his friends, a manly composure. From the event of his father's journey he hoped little, yet that little was sufficient to keep his mind in the torture of suspense till the issue should appear.

On the day preceding that fixed for the execution of the sentence, La Luc reached Vaceau. Adeline was at her chamber window when the carriage drew up to the inn; she saw him alight, and with feeble steps, supported by Peter, enter the house. From the languor of his air she drew no favourable omen, and, almost sinking under the violence of her emotion, she went to meet him. Clara was already with her father when Adeline entered the room. She approached him, but, dreading to receive from his lips a confirmation of

the misfortune his countenance seemed to indicate, she looked expressively at him and sat down, unable to speak the question she would have asked. He held out his hand to her in silence, sunk back in his chair, and seemed to be fainting under oppression of heart. His manner confirmed all her fears; at this dreadful conviction her senses failed her, and she sat motionless and stupified.

La Luc and Clara were too much occupied by their own distress to observe her situation; after some time she breathed a heavy sigh, and burst into tears. Relieved by weeping, her spirits gradually returned, and she at length said to La Luc, "It is unnecessary, Sir, to ask the event of your journey; yet, when you can bear to mention the subject, I wish"—

La Luc waved his hand—"Alas!" said he, "I have nothing to tell but what you already guess too well. My poor Theodore!---His voice was convulsed

fed with sorrow, and some moments of unutterable anguish followed.

Adeline was the first who recovered sufficient recollection to notice the extreme langour of La Luc, and attend to his support. She ordered him refreshments, and entreated he would retire to his bed, and suffer her to send for a physician, adding, that the fatigue he had suffered made repose absolutely necessary. "Would that I could find it, my dear child," said he; "it is not in this world that I must look for it, but in a better, and that better, I trust, I shall soon attain. But where is our good friend, Louis La Motte? He must lead me to my son."---Grief again interrupted his utterance, and the entrance of Louis was a very seasonable relief to them all. Their tears explained the question he would have asked; La Luc immediately inquired for his son, and thanking Louis for all his kindness to him, desired to be conducted to the prison. Louis endeavoured

voured to persuade him to defer his visit till the morning, and Adeline and Clara joined their entreaties with his; but La Luc had determined to go that night.---  
 " His time is short," said he; " a few  
 " hours and I shall see him no more, at  
 " least in this world; let me not neglect  
 " these precious moments. Adeline! I  
 " had promised my poor boy that he  
 " should see you once more; you are not  
 " now equal to the meeting, I will try to  
 " reconcile him to the disappointment;  
 " but if I fail, and you are better in the  
 " morning, I know you will exert your-  
 " self to sustain the interview."---Ade-  
 line looked impatient, and attempted  
 to speak. La Luc rose to depart, but  
 could only reach the door of the room,  
 where, faint and feeble, he sat down  
 in a chair. " I must submit to neces-  
 " sity," said he, " I find I am not  
 " able to go farther to-night. Go to  
 " him, La Motte, and tell him I am  
 " somewhat disordered by my journey,  
 " but

" but that I will be with him early in-  
 " the morning. Do not flatter him.  
 " with a hope; prepare him for the  
 " worst."——There was a pause of  
 silence; La Luc at length recovering  
 himself, desired Clara would order his  
 bed to be got ready, and she willingly  
 obeyed. When he withdrew, Adeline  
 told Louis, what was indeed unnecessary;  
 the event of La Luc's journey; " I  
 " own, continued she, " that I had  
 " sometimes suffered myself to hope, and  
 " I now feel this calamity with double  
 " force. I fear, too, that M. La Luc  
 " will sink under its pressure; he is  
 " much altered for the worse since he  
 " set out for Paris. Tell me your opi-  
 " nion sincerely."

The change was so obvious, that Louis  
 could not deny it, but he endeavoured  
 to sooth her apprehension, by ascribing  
 this alteration, in a great measure, to the  
 temporary fatigue of travelling. Ade-  
 line declared her resolution of accom-  
 panying

panying La Luc to take leave of Theodore in the morning. "I know not how  
 " I shall support the interview," said  
 she: "but to see him once more is a  
 " duty I owe both to him and myself.  
 " The remembrance of having neglect-  
 " ed to give him this last proof of affec-  
 " tion, would pursue me with incessant  
 " remorse."

After some farther conversation on this subject Louis withdrew to the prison, ruminating on the best means of imparting to his friend the fatal intelligence he had to communicate. Theodore received it with more composure than he had expected; but he asked with impatience, why he did not see his father and Adeline? and on being informed that indisposition withheld them, his imagination seized on the worst possibility, and suggested that his father was dead. It was a considerable time before Louis could convince him of the contrary, and that Adeline was not dangerously ill; when, how-  
 ever,

ever, he was assured that he should see them in the morning, he became more tranquil. He desired his friend would not leave him that night. "These are the last hours we can pass together," added he; "I cannot sleep! Stay with me and lighten these heavy moments. I have need of comfort, Louis. Young as I am, and held by such strong attachments, I cannot quit the world with resignation. I know not how to credit those stories we hear of philosophic fortitude; wisdom cannot teach us cheerfully to resign a good, and life in my circumstances is surely such."

The night was passed in embarrassed conversation; sometimes interrupted by long fits of silence, and sometimes by the paroxysms of despair; and the morning of that day which was to lead Theodore to death, at length dawned through the grates of his prison.

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La-Luc meanwhile passed a sleepless and dreadful night. He prayed for fortitude and resignation both for himself and Theodore; but the pangs of nature were powerful in his heart, and not to be subdued. The idea of his lamented wife, and of what she would have suffered, had she lived to witness the ignominious death which awaited her son, frequently occurred to him.

It seemed as if destiny had hung over the life of Theodore, for it is probable that the king might have granted the petition of the unhappy father, had it not happened that the Marquis de Montalt was present at court when the paper was presented. The appearance and singular distress of the petitioner had interested the monarch, and, instead of putting by the paper, he opened it. As he threw his eyes over it, observing that the criminal was of the Marquis de Montalt's regiment, he turned to him, and inquired the nature of the offence for  
which

which the culprit was about to suffer. The answer was such as might have been expected from the Marquis, and the king was convinced that Theodore was not a proper object of mercy.

But to return to La Luc, who was called, according to his order, at a very early hour. Having passed some time in prayer, he went down to the parlour, where Louis, punctual to the moment, already waited to conduct him to the prison. He appeared calm and collected; but his countenance was impressed with a fixed despair that sensibly affected his young friend. While they waited for Adeline he spoke little, and seemed struggling to attain the fortitude necessary to support him through the approaching scene. Adeline not appearing, he at length sent to hasten her, and was told she had been ill, but was recovering. She had, indeed, passed a night of such agitation, that her frame had sunk under it, and she was now endeavouring to re-  
cover

cover strength and composure sufficient to sustain her in this dreadful hour. Every moment that brought her nearer to it had increased her emotion, and the apprehension, of being prevented seeing Theodore had alone enabled her to struggle against the united pressure of illness and grief.

She now, with Clara, joined La Luc, who advanced as they entered the room, and took a hand of each in silence. After some moments he proposed to go, and they stepped into a carriage which conveyed them to the gates of the prison. The crowd had already begun to assemble there, and a confused murmur arose as the carriage moved forward; it was a grievous sight to the friends of Theodore. Louis supported Adeline when she alighted; she was scarcely able to walk, and with trembling steps she followed La Luc, whom the keeper led towards that part of the prison where his son was confined. It was now eight o'clock,

o'clock, the sentence was not to be executed till twelve, but a guard of soldiers was already placed in the court, and as this unhappy party passed along the narrow avenues, they were met by several officers who had been to take a last farewell of Theodore. As they ascended the stairs that led to his apartment, La Luc's ear caught the clink of chains, and heard him walking above with a quick, irregular, step. The unhappy father, overcome by the moment which now pressed upon him, stopped, and was obliged to support himself by the banister. Louis fearing that the consequence of his grief might be fatal, shattered as his frame already was, would have gone for assistance, but he made a sign to him to stay. "I am better," said La Luc; "O God! support me through this hour!" and in a few minutes he was able to proceed.

As the warder unlocked the door, the harsh grating of the key shocked Adeline,

line, but in the next moment she was in the presence of Theodore, who sprung to meet her, and caught her in his arms before she sunk to the ground. As her head reclined on his shoulder, he again viewed that countenance so dear to him, which had so often lighted rapture in his heart, and which, though pale and inanimate as it now was, awaked him to momentary delight. When at length she unclosed her eyes, she fixed them in long and mournful gaze upon Theodore, who pressing her to his heart could answer her only with a smile of mingled tenderness and despair; the tears he endeavoured to restrain trembled in his eyes, and he forgot for a time every thing but Adeline. La Luc, who had seated himself at the foot of the bed, seemed unconscious of what passed around him, and entirely absorbed in his own grief; but Clara, as she clasped the hand of her brother, and hung weeping on his arm, expressed aloud

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all the anguish of her heart, and at length recalled the attention of Adeline, who, in a voice scarcely audible, entreated she would spare her father. Her words roused Theodore, and, supporting Adeline to a chair, he turned to La Luc. "My dear child!" said La Luc, grasping his hand, and bursting into tears, "My dear child!" They wept together. After a long interval of silence, he said, "I thought I could  
 " have supported this hour, but I am  
 " old and feeble. God knows my ef-  
 " forts for resignation, my faith in his  
 " goodness."

Theodore, by a strong and sudden exertion, assumed a composed and firm countenance, and endeavoured, by every gentle argument, to sooth and comfort his weeping friends. La Luc at length seemed to conquer his sufferings; drying his eyes, he said, "My son, I ought to  
 " have set you a better example, and  
 " practised the precepts of fortitude I  
 " have

“ have so often given you. But it is  
 “ over ; I know, and will perform, my  
 “ duty.” Adeline breathed a heavy  
 sigh, and continued to weep. “ Be  
 “ comforted, my love, we part but for  
 “ a time,” said Theodore, as he kissed  
 the tears from her cheek ; and uniting  
 her hand with that of his father’s, he  
 earnestly recommended her to his pro-  
 tection. “ Receive her,” added he,  
 “ as the most precious legacy I can be-  
 “ queath ; consider her as your child.  
 “ She will console you when I am gone,  
 “ she will more than supply the loss of  
 “ your son.”

La Luc assured him that he did now,  
 and should continue to, regard Adeline  
 as his daughter. During these afflicting  
 hours he endeavoured to dissipate the  
 terrors of approaching death, by inspir-  
 ing his son with religious confidence.  
 His conversation was pious, rational, and  
 consolatory : he spoke not from the cold  
 dictates of the head, but from the feel-

ings of a heart which had long loved and practised the pure precepts of Christianity, and which now drew from them a comfort, such as nothing earthly could bestow.

“ You are young, my son,” said he,  
 “ and are yet innocent of any great  
 “ crime ; you may, therefore, look on  
 “ death without terror, for to the guilty  
 “ only is its approach dreadful. I feel  
 “ that I shall not long survive you, and  
 “ I trust in a merciful God, that we shall  
 “ meet in a state where sorrow never  
 “ comes ; *where the Son of Righteousness*  
 “ *shall rise with healing in his wings !*”  
 As he spoke he looked up ; the tears still trembled in his eyes, which beamed with meek, yet fervent devotion, and his countenance glowed with the dignity of a superior being.

“ Let us not neglect these awful moments,” said La Luc, rising ; “ let  
 “ our united prayers ascend to Him who  
 “ alone can comfort and support us !”

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They all knelt down, and he prayed with that simple and sublime eloquence which true piety inspires. When he rose, he embraced his children separately, and when he came to Theodore, he paused, gazed upon him with an earnest, mournful expression, and was for some time unable to speak. Theodore could not bear this; he drew his hand before his eyes, and vainly endeavoured to stifle the deep sobs which convulsed his frame. At length recovering his voice, he entreated his father would leave him. "This misery is too much for us all," said he, "let us not prolong it. The time is now drawing on—leave me to compose myself. The sharpness of death consists in parting with those who are dear to us; when that is passed, death is disarmed."

"I will not leave you, my son," replied La Luc, "my poor girls shall go, but for me, I will be with you in your  
"last

"last moments." Theodore felt that this would be too much for them both, and urged every argument which reason could suggest to prevail with his father to relinquish his design. But he remained firm in his determination. "I will not suffer a selfish consideration of the pain I may endure," said La Luc, "to tempt me to desert my child when he will most require my support. It is my duty to attend you, and nothing shall withhold me."

Theodore seized on the words of La Luc—"As you would that I should be supported in my last hour," said he, "I entreat that you will not be witness of it. Your presence, my dear father, would subdue all my fortitude—would destroy what little composure I may otherwise be able to attain. Add not to my sufferings the view of your distress, but leave me to forget, if possible, the dear parent I must quit for ever." His tears flowed anew. La

Luc continued to gaze on him in silent agony; at length he said, "Well, be it so. If, indeed, my presence would distress you, I will not go." His voice was broken and interrupted. After a pause of some moments, he again embraced Theodore—"We must part," said he, "we *must* part, but it is only for a time—we shall soon be re-united in a higher world!—O God! thou seest my heart—thou seest all its feelings in this bitter hour!—Grief again overcame him. He pressed Theodore in his arms; and, at length, seeming to summon all his fortitude, he again said, "We *must* part—Oh! my son, farewell for ever in this world!—The mercy of Almighty God support and bless you!" He turned away to leave the prison, but, quite worn out with grief, sunk into a chair near the door he would have opened. Theodore gazed, with a distracted countenance, alternately on his father, on Clara, and on Adeline, whom he

he pressed to his throbbing heart, and their tears flowed together. "And do  
 "I then," cried, he "for the last time,  
 "look upon that countenance!—Shall  
 "I never—never more behold it?—"  
 "O! exquisite misery! Yet once again  
 "—once more," continued he, pressing  
 her cheek, but he was insensible, and cold  
 as marble.

Louis, who had left the room soon  
 after La Luc arrived, that his presence  
 might not interrupt their farewell grief,  
 now returned. Adeline raised her head,  
 and perceiving who entered, it again  
 sunk on the bosom of Theodore.

Louis appeared much agitated. La  
 Luc arose. "We must go," said he:  
 "Adeline, my love, exert yourself—  
 "Clara—my children, let us depart.  
 "—Yet one last—last embrace, and  
 "then!"——Louis advanced, and took  
 his hand; "My dear Sir, I have some-  
 "thing to say; yet I fear to tell it."——  
 "What do you mean?" said La Luc,

with quickness: "No new misfortune  
 " can have power to afflict me at this  
 " moment. Do not fear to speak."---  
 " I rejoice that I cannot put you to the  
 " proof," replied Louis; " I have seen  
 " you sustain the most trying affliction  
 " with fortitude. Can you support the  
 " transports of hope?"---La Luc gazed  
 eagerly on Louis---" Speak," said he,  
 in a faint voice. Adeline raised her head,  
 and, trembling between hope and fear,  
 looked at Louis as if she would have  
 searched his soul. He smiled cheerfully  
 upon her. " Is it---O! is it possible!"  
 she exclaimed, suddenly re-animated---  
 " He lives! He lives!"---She said no  
 more, but ran to La Luc, who sunk in  
 his chair, while Theodore and Clara,  
 with one voice, called on Louis to relieve  
 them from the tortures of suspense.

He proceeded to inform them, that he  
 had obtained, from the commanding of-  
 ficer, a respite for Theodore, till the king's  
 farther pleasure could be known, and  
 this

this in consequence of a letter received that morning from his mother, Madame de la Motte, in which she mentioned some very extraordinary circumstances that had appeared in the course of a trial lately conducted at Paris, and which so materially affected the character of the Marquis de Montalt, as to render it possible a pardon might be obtained for Theodore.

These words darted with the rapidity of lightning upon the hearts of his hearers. La Luc revived, and that prison, so lately the scene of despair, now echoed only to the voices of gratitude and gladness. La Luc, raising his clasped hands to Heaven, said, "Great God! support me in this moment as thou hast already supported me!—If my son lives, I die in peace."

He embraced Theodore, and remembering the anguish of his last embrace, tears of thankfulness and joy flowed to the contrast. So powerful, indeed, was  
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the effect of this temporary reprieve, and of the hope it introduced, that if an absolute pardon had been obtained, it could scarcely, for the moment, have diffused a more lively joy. But when the first emotions were subsided, the uncertainty of Theodore's fate once more appeared. Adeline forebore to express her sense of this, but Clara, without scruple, lamented the possibility that her brother might yet be taken from them, and all their joy be turned to sorrow. A look from Adeline checked her. Joy was, however, so much the predominant feeling of the present moment, that the shade which reflection threw upon their hopes passed away like the cloud that is dispelled by the strength of the sun-beam; and Louis alone was pensive and abstracted.

When they were sufficiently composed, he informed them that the contents of Madame de la Motte's letter obliged him to set out for Paris immediately; and that the intelligence he had to communicate

municate intimately concerned Adeline, who would undoubtedly judge it necessary to go thither also as soon as her health would permit. He then read to his impatient auditors such passages in the letter, as were necessary to explain his meaning; but as madame de la Motte had omitted to mention some circumstances of importance to be understood, the following is a relation of the occurrences that had lately happened at Paris.

It may be remembered, that on the first day of his trial, La Motte, in passing from the courts to his prison, saw a person, whose features, though imperfectly seen through the dusk, he thought he recollected; and that this same person, after inquiring the name of La Motte, desired to be admitted to him. On the following day the warder complied with his request, and the surprize of La Motte may be imagined, when, in the stronger light of his apartment, he distinguished

the

the countenance of the man from whose hands he had formerly received Adeline.

On observing Madame de la Motte in the room, he said he had something of consequence to impart, and desired to be left alone with the prisoner. When she was gone, he told De la Motte that he understood he was confined at the suit of the Marquis de Montalt. La Motte assented.—“I know him for a villain.” said the stranger boldly.—“Your case is desperate. Do you wish for life?”

“Need the question be asked!”

“Your trial, I understand proceeds to-morrow. I am now under confinement in this place for debt; but if you can obtain leave for me to go with you into the courts, and a condition from the judge, that what I reveal shall not criminate myself, I will make discoveries that shall confound that same Marquis; I will prove him a villain; and it shall then be judged how far his word ought to be taken against you.”

La

La Motte, whose interest was now strongly excited, desired he would explain himself; and the man proceeded to relate a long history of the misfortunes and consequent poverty which had tempted him to become subservient to the schemes of the Marquis, till he suddenly checked himself, and said, "When I obtain from the court the promise I require, I will explain myself fully; till then, I cannot say more on the subject."

La Motte could not forbear expressing a doubt of his sincerity, and a curiosity concerning the motive that had induced him to become the Marquis's accuser.---

"As to my motive, it is a very natural one," replied the man; "it is no easy matter to receive ill usage without resenting it, particularly from a villain whom you have served."---La Motte, for his own sake, endeavoured to check the vehemence with which this was uttered. "I care not who hears

L 5

" me,

" me," continued the stranger, but at  
 the same time he lowered his voice ; " I  
 " repeat it—the Marquis has used me ill  
 " ---I have kept his secret long enough.  
 " He does not think it worth his while to  
 " secure my silence, or he would relieve  
 " my necessities. I am in prison for  
 " debt, and have applied to him for re-  
 " lief ; since he does not chuse to give it,  
 " let him take the consequence. I war-  
 " rant he shall soon repent that he has  
 " provoked me, and 'tis fit he should."

The doubts of La Motte were now  
 dissipated ; the prospect of life again  
 opened upon him, and he assured Du  
 Bosse (which was the stranger's name)  
 with much warmth, that he would com-  
 mission his Advocate to do all in his  
 power to obtain leave for his appearance  
 on the trial, and to procure the necessary  
 condition. After some farther conver-  
 sation they parted.

## CHAPTER XXI.

- " Drag forth the legal monster into light;  
 " Wrench from his hand Oppression's iron rod,  
 " And bid the cruel feel the pangs they give."

**L**EAVE was at length granted for the appearance of Du Bosse, with a promise that his words should not criminate him, and he accompanied La Motte into court.

The confusion of the Marquis de Montalt, on perceiving this man, was observed by many persons present, and particularly by La Motte, who drew from this circumstance a favourable presage for himself.

When Du Bosse was called upon, he informed the court, that, on the night of  
the

the twenty-first of April, in the preceding year, one Jean D'Aunoy, a man he had known many years, came to his lodging. After they had discoursed for some time on their circumstances, D'Aunoy said, he knew a way by which Du Bosse might change all his poverty to riches, but that he would not say more till he was certain he would be willing to follow it. The distressed state in which Du Bosse then was, made him anxious to learn the means which would bring him relief; he eagerly inquired what his friend meant, and, after some time, D'Aunoy explained himself. He said he was employed by a nobleman (whom he afterwards told Du Bosse was the Marquis de Montalt) to carry off a young girl from a convent, and that she was to be taken to a house a few leagues distant from Paris. "I knew the house he described well," said Du Bosse, "for I have been there many times with D'Aunoy, who lived there to avoid his creditors, though

“ though he often passed his nights at  
 “ Paris. He would not tell me more  
 “ of the scheme, but said he should want  
 “ assistants, and if I, and my brother who  
 “ is since dead, would join him, his em-  
 “ ployer would grudge no money, and  
 “ we should be well rewarded. I desired  
 “ him again to tell me more of the plan;  
 “ but he was obstinate; and after I had  
 “ told him I would consider of what he  
 “ said, and speak to my brother, he went  
 “ away.

“ When he called the next night for  
 “ his answer, my brother and I agreed  
 “ to engage, and accordingly we went  
 “ home with him. He then told us, that  
 “ the young lady he was to bring thither  
 “ was a natural daughter of the Marquis  
 “ de Montalt, and of a nun belonging  
 “ to a convent of Ursalines: that his  
 “ wife had received the child immedi-  
 “ ately on its birth, and had been al-  
 “ lowed a handsome annuity to bring it  
 “ up as her own, which she had done  
 “ till her death. The child was then  
 “ placed

" placed in a convent, and designed for  
 " the veil; but when she was of an age  
 " to receive the vows, she had steadily  
 " persisted in refusing them. This  
 " circumstance had so much exasperated  
 " the Marquis, that in his rage he or-  
 " dered, that if she persisted in her ob-  
 " stinacy, she should be removed from  
 " the convent and got rid of any way,  
 " since, if she lived in the world, her  
 " birth might be discovered, and, in  
 " consequence of this, her mother, for  
 " whom he had yet a regard, would be  
 " condemned to expiate her crime by a  
 " terrible death."

Du Bosse was interrupted in his nar-  
 rative by the counsel of the Marquis,  
 who contended that the circumstances  
 alledged tending to criminate his client,  
 the proceeding was both irrelevant and  
 illegal. He was answered, that it was  
 not irrelevant, and therefore not illegal;  
 for that the circumstances which threw  
 light upon the character of the Marquis,  
 affected

affected his evidence against La Motte: Du Boffe was suffered to proceed.

“ D'Aunoy then said, that the Marquis had ordered him to dispatch her, but that, as he had been used to see her from her infancy, he could not find in his heart to do it, and wrote to tell him so. The Marquis then commanded him to find those who would, and this was the business for which he wanted us. My brother and I were not so wicked as this came to, and so we told D'Aunoy; and I could not help asking why the Marquis resolved to murder his own child, rather than expose her mother to the risque of suffering death. He said, the Marquis had never seen his child, and that, therefore, it could not be supposed he felt much kindness towards it, and still less that he could love it better than he loved its mother.”

Du Boffe proceeded to relate how much he and his brother had endeavoured to soften

soften the heart of D'Aunoy towards the Marquis's daughter, and that they prevailed with him to write again and plead for her. D'Aunoy went to Paris to await the answer, leaving them and the young girl at the house on the heath, where the former had consented to remain, seemingly for the purpose of executing the orders they might receive, but really with a design to save the devoted victim from the sacrifice.

It is probable that Du Bosse, in this instance, gave a false account of his motive, since, if he really was guilty of an intention so atrocious as that of murder, he would naturally endeavour to conceal it. However this might be, he affirmed that, on the night of the twenty-sixth of April, he received an order from D'Aunoy for the destruction of the girl, whom he had afterwards delivered into the hands of La Motte.

La Motte listened to this relation in astonishment; when he knew that Adeline

was

was the daughter of the Marquis, and remembered the crime to which he had once devoted her, his frame thrilled with horror. He now took up the story, and added an account of what had passed at the Abbey between the Marquis and himself concerning a design of the former upon the life of Adeline; urging, as a proof of the present prosecution originating in malice, that it had commenced immediately after he had effected her escape from the Marquis. He concluded, however, with saying, that as the Marquis had immediately sent his people in pursuit of her, it was possible she might have yet fallen a victim to his vengeance.

Here the Marquis's counsel again interfered, and their objections were again over-ruled by the court. The uncommon degree of emotion which his countenance betrayed during the narrations of Du Bosse and De la Motte, was generally observed. The court suspended the sentence

tence of the latter, ordered that the Marquis should be put under immediate arrest, and that Adeline (the name given by her foster mother) and Jean D'Aunoy should be sought for.

The Marquis was accordingly seized at the suit of the crown, and put under confinement till Adeline should appear, or proof could be obtained that she died by his order, and till D'Aunoy should confirm or destroy the evidence of De la Motte.

Madame, who at length obtained intelligence of her son's residence from the town where he was formerly stationed, had acquainted him with his father's situation, and the proceedings of the trial; and as she believed that Adeline, if she had been so fortunate as to escape the Marquis's pursuit, was still in Savoy, she desired Louis would obtain leave of absence, and bring her to Paris, where her immediate presence was requisite,

to

to substantiate the evidence, and, probably, to save the life of La Motte.

On the receipt of her letter, which happened on the morning appointed for the execution of Theodore, Louis went immediately to the commanding officer, to petition for a respite till the king's farther pleasure should be known. He founded his plea on the arrest of the Marquis, and shewed the letter he had just received. The commanding officer readily granted a reprieve, and Louis, who, on the arrival of this letter, had forbore to communicate its contents to Theodore, lest it should torture him with false hope, now hastened to him with this comfortable news.

## CHAPTER XXII.

“ Low on his fun’ral couch he lies !

“ No pitying heart, no eye, afford

“ A tear to grace his obsequies.”

GRAY.

ON learning the purpose of Madame de la Motte’s letter, Adeline saw the necessity of her immediate departure for Paris. The life of La Motte, who had more than saved her’s, the life, perhaps, of her beloved Theodore, depended on the testimony she could give. And she who had so lately been sinking under the influence of illness and despair, who could scarcely raise her languid head, or speak but in the faintest accents, now, re- animated with hope, and invigorated by a sense of the importance of the business before

before her, prepared to perform a rapid journey of some hundred miles.

Theodore tenderly entreated that she would so far consider her health as to delay this journey for a few days; but with a smile of enchanting tenderness she assured him that she was now too happy to be ill, and that the same cause which would confirm her happiness would confirm her health. So strong was the effect of hope upon her mind now, that it succeeded to the misery of despair, that it overcame the shock she suffered on believing herself a daughter of the Marquis, and every other painful reflection. She did not even foresee the obstacle that circumstance might produce to her union with Theodore, should he at last be permitted to live.

It was settled that she should set off for Paris in a few hours with Louis, and attended by Peter. These hours were passed by La Luc and his family in the prison.

When

When the time of her departure arrived, the spirits of Adeline again forsook her, and the illusions of joy disappeared. She no longer beheld Theodore as one respited from death, but took leave of him with a mournful presentiment that she should see him no more. So strongly was this presage impressed upon her mind, that it was long before she could summon resolution to bid him farewell; and when she had done so, and even left the apartment, she returned to take of him a last look. As she was once more quitting the room, her melancholy imagination represented Theodore at the place of execution, pale and convulsed in death; she again turned her lingering eyes upon him; but fancy affected her sense, for she thought, as she now gazed, that his countenance changed, and assumed a ghastly hue. All her resolution vanished, and such was the anguish of her heart, that she resolved to defer her journey till the morrow, though she

must

must by this means lose the protection of Louis, whose impatience to meet his father would not suffer the delay. The triumph of passion, however, was transient; soothed by the indulgence she promised herself, her grief subsided, reason assumed its influence; she again saw the necessity of her immediate departure, and recollected sufficient resolution to submit. La Luc would have accompanied her for the purpose of again soliciting the King in behalf of his son, had not the extreme weakness and lassitude to which he was reduced made travelling impracticable.

At length, Adeline, with a heavy heart, quitted Theodore, notwithstanding his entreaties, that she would not undertake the journey in her present weak state, and was accompanied by Clara and La Luc to the inn. The former parted from her friend with many tears, and much anxiety for her welfare, but under a hope of soon meeting again.

Should a pardon be granted to Theodore, La Luc designed to fetch Adeline from Paris; but should this be refused, she was to return with Peter. He bade her adieu with a father's kindness, which she repaid with a filial affection, and in her last words conjured him to attend to the recovery of his health; the languid smile he assumed seemed to express that her solicitude was vain, and that he thought his health past recovery.

Thus Adeline quitted the friends so justly dear to her, and so lately found, for Paris, where she was a stranger, almost without protection, and compelled to meet a father who had pursued her with the utmost cruelty, in a public court of justice. The carriage, in leaving Vaucou, passed by the prison, she threw an eager look towards it as she passed: its heavy black walls, and narrow-grated windows, seemed to frown upon her hopes—but Theodore was there, and leaning from the window, she continued

to

to gaze upon it till an abrupt turning in the street concealed it from her view. She then sunk back in the carriage, and yielding to the melancholy of her heart, wept in silence. Louis was not disposed to interrupt it; his thoughts were anxiously employed on his father's situation, and the travellers proceeded many miles without exchanging a word.

At Paris, whither we shall now return, the search after Jean D'Aunoy was prosecuted without success. The house on the heath, described by Du Bosse, was found uninhabited, and to the places of his usual resort in the city, where the officers of the police awaited him, he no longer came. It even appeared doubtful whether he was living, for he had absented himself from the houses of his customary rendezvous some time before the trial of La Motte; it was therefore certain that his absence was not occasioned by any thing which had passed in the courts.

In the solitude of his confinement the Marquis de Montalt had leisure to reflect on the past, and to repent of his crimes; but reflection and repentance formed as yet no part of his disposition. He turned with impatience from recollections which produced only pain, and looked forward to the future with an endeavour to avert the disgrace and punishment which he saw impending. The elegance of his manners had so effectually veiled the depravity of his heart, that he was a favourite with his sovereign; and on this circumstance he rested his hope of security. He, however, severely repented that he had indulged the hasty spirit of revenge which had urged him to the prosecution of La Motte, and had thus unexpectedly involved him in a situation dangerous—if not fatal—since if Adeline could not be found he would be concluded guilty of her death. But the appearance of D'Aunoy was the circumstance he most dreaded; and to oppose the

the possibility of this, he employed secret emissaries to discover his retreat, and to bribe him to his interest. These were, however, as unsuccessful in their research as the officers of police, and the Marquis at length began to hope the man was really dead.

La Motte meanwhile awaited with trembling impatience the arrival of his son when he should be relieved, in some degree, from his uncertainty concerning Adeline. On her appearance he rested his only hope of life, since the evidence against him would lose much of its validity from the confirmation she would give of the bad character of his prosecutor; and if the Parliament even condemned La Motte, the clemency of the king might yet operate in his favour.

Adeline arrived at Paris after a journey of several days, during which she was chiefly supported by the delicate attention of Louis, whom she pitied and revered, though she could not love.

She was immediately visited at the hotel by Madame La Motte: the meeting was affecting on both sides. A sense of her past conduct excited in the latter an embarrassment which the delicacy and goodness of Adeline would willingly have spared her; but the pardon solicited was given with so much sincerity, that Madame gradually became composed and re-assured. This forgiveness, however, could not have been thus easily granted, had Adeline believed her former conduct was voluntary; a conviction of the restraint and terror under which Madame had acted, alone induced her to excuse the past. In this first meeting they forbore dwelling on particular subjects; Madame La Motte proposed that Adeline should remove from the hotel to her lodgings near the Chatelet, and Adeline for whom a residence at a public hotel was very improper, gladly accepted the offer.

Madame

Madame there gave her a circumstantial account of La Motte's situation, and concluded with saying, that as the sentence of her husband had been suspended till some certainty could be obtained concerning the late criminal designs of the Marquis, and Adeline could confirm the chief part of La Motte's testimony, it was probable that now she was arrived, the court would proceed immediately. She now learnt the full extent of her obligation to La Motte; for she was till now ignorant that when he sent her from the forest, he saved her from death. Her horror of the Marquis, whom she could not bear to consider as her father, and her gratitude to her deliverer redoubled, and she became impatient to give the testimony so necessary to the hopes of her preserver. Madame then said she believed it was not too late to gain admittance that night to the Chatelet; and as she knew how anxiously her husband wished to see Adeline, she entreated.

treated her consent to go thither. Adeline, though much harrassed and fatigued, complied. When Louis returned from M. Nemours, his father's advocate, whom he had hastened to inform of her arrival, they all set out for the Chatelet. The view of the prison into which they were now admitted so forcibly recalled to Adeline's mind the situation of Theodore, that she with difficulty supported herself to the apartment of La Motte. When he saw her a gleam of joy passed over his countenance; but again relapsing into despondency, he looked mournfully at her, and then at Louis, and groaned deeply. Adeline, in whom all remembrance of his former cruelty was lost in his subsequent kindness, expressed her thankfulness for the life he had preserved, and her anxiety to serve him in warm and repeated terms. But her gratitude evidently distressed him; instead of reconciling him to himself, it seemed to awaken a remembrance of

of the guilty designs he had once assisted, and to strike the fangs of conscience deeper in his heart. Endeavouring to conceal his emotions, he entered on the subject of his present danger, and informed Adeline what testimony would be required of her on the trial. After above an hour's conversation with La Motte, she returned to the lodgings of Madame, where, languid and ill, she withdrew to her chamber, and tried to oblivate her anxieties in sleep.

The Parliament which conducted the trial re-assembled in a few days after the arrival of Adeline, and the two remaining witnesses of the Marquis, on whom he now rested his cause against La Motte, appeared. She was led trembling into the court, where almost the first object that met her eyes was the Marquis de Montalt, whom she now beheld with an emotion entirely new to her, and which was strongly tinged with horror. When Du Bosse saw her he immediately  
 swor

swore to her identity! his testimony was confirmed by her manner; for on perceiving him she grew pale, and a universal tremor seized her. Jean D'Aunoy could no where be found, and La Motte was thus deprived of an evidence which essentially affected his interest. Adeline, when called upon, gave her little narrative with clearness and precision; and Peter, who had conveyed her from the Abbey, supported the testimony she offered. The evidence produced was sufficient to criminate the Marquis of the intention of murder, in the minds of most people present; but it was not sufficient to affect the testimony of his two last witnesses, who positively swore to the commission of the robbery, and to the person of La Motte, on whom sentence of death was accordingly pronounced. On receiving this sentence the unhappy criminal fainted, and the compassion of the assembly, whose feelings had been unusually

usually interested in the decision, was expressed in a general groan.

Their attention was quickly called to a new object—it was Jean D'Aunoy who now entered the court. But his evidence, if it could ever, indeed, have been the means of saving La Motte, came too late. He was re-conducted to prison; but Adeline, who, extremely shocked by his sentence, was much indisposed, received orders to remain in the court during the examination of D'Aunoy. This man had been at length found in the prison of a provincial town, where some of his creditors had thrown him, and from which even the money which the Marquis had remitted to him for the purpose of satisfying the craving importunities of Du Bosse, had been insufficient to release him. Meanwhile the revenge of the latter had been roused against the Marquis by an imaginary neglect, and the money which was de-

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signed

signed to relieve his necessities was spent by D'Aunoy in riotous luxury.

He was confronted with Adeline and with Du Bosse, and ordered to confess all he knew concerning this mysterious affair, or to undergo the torture. D'Aunoy, who was ignorant how far the suspicions concerning the Marquis extended, and who was conscious that his own words might condemn him, remained for some time obstinately silent; but when the *question* was administered, his resolution gave way, and he confessed a crime, of which he had not even been suspected.

It appeared that, in the year 1642, D'Aunoy, together with one Jacques Martigny, and Francis Balliere, had way-laid, and seized, Henry Marquis de Montalt, half brother to Phillipe; and after having robbed him, and bound his servant to a tree, according to the orders they had received, they conveyed him to the Abbey of St. Clair, in the distant forest of Fontanville. Here he was  
confined

confined for some time, till farther directions were received from Phillipe de Montalt, the present Marquis, who was then on his estates in a northern province of France. These orders were for death, and the unfortunate Henry was assassinated in his chamber, in the third week of his confinement at the Abbey.

On hearing this Adeline grew faint; she remembered the MS. she had found, together with the extraordinary circumstances that had attended the discovery; every nerve thrilled with horror, and raising her eyes, she saw the countenance of the Marquis overspread with the livid paleness of guilt. She endeavoured, however, to arrest her fleeting spirits, while the man proceeded in his confession.

When the murder was perpetrated, D'Aunoy had returned to his employer, who gave him the reward agreed upon, and in a few months after delivered into his hands the infant daughter of the late Marquis, whom he conveyed to a distant

tant part of the kingdom, where, assuming the name of St. Pierre, he brought her up as his own child, receiving from the present Marquis a considerable annuity for his secrecy.

Adeline, no longer able to struggle with the tumult of emotions that now rushed upon her heart, uttered a deep sigh, and fainted away. She was carried from the court, and, when the confusion occasioned by this circumstance subsided, Jean D'Aunoy went on. He related, that on the death of his wife, Adeline was placed in a convent, from whence she was afterwards removed to another, where the Marquis had destined her to receive the vows. That her determined rejection of them had occasioned him to resolve upon her death, and that she had accordingly been removed to the house on the heath. D'Aunoy added, that, by the Marquis's order, he had misled Du Bosse with a false story of her birth. Having, after some time, discovered that  
his

his comrades had deceived him concerning her death, D'Aunoy separated from them in enmity; but they unanimously determined to conceal her escape from the Marquis, that they might enjoy the recompense of their supposed crime. Some months subsequent to this period, however, D'Aunoy received a letter from the Marquis, charging him with the truth, and promising him a large reward if he would confess where he had placed Adeline. In consequence of this letter, he acknowledged that she had been given into the hands of a stranger; but who he was, or where he lived, was not known.

Upon these depositions Phillipe de Montalt was committed to take his trial for the murder of Henry, his brother; D'Aunoy was thrown into a dungeon of the Chatelet, and Du Bosse was bound to appear as evidence.

The feelings of the Marquis, who, in a prosecution stimulated by revenge,

had thus unexpectedly exposed his crimes to the public eye, and betrayed himself to justice, can only be imagined. The passions which had tempted him to the commission of a crime so horrid as that of murder—and what, if possible, heightened its atrocity, the murder of one connected with him by the ties of blood, and by habits of even infantine association—the passion which had stimulated him to so monstrous a deed were ambition, and the love of pleasure. The first was more immediately gratified by the title of his brother; the latter by the riches which would enable him to indulge his voluptuous inclinations.

The late Marquis de Montalt, the father of Adeline, received from his ancestors a patrimony very inadequate to support the splendour of his rank; but he had married the heiress of an illustrious family, whose fortune amply supplied the deficiency of his own. He had the misfortune to lose her, for she was amiable

amiable and beautiful, soon after the birth of a daughter, and it was then that the present Marquis formed the diabolical design of destroying his brother. The contrast of their characters prevented that cordial regard between them which their near relationship seemed to demand. Henry was benevolent, mild, and contemplative. In his heart reigned the love of virtue; in his manners the strictness of justice was tempered, not weakened by mercy; his mind was enlarged by science, and adorned by elegant literature. The character of Philippe has been already delineated in his actions; its nicer shades were blended with some shining tints; but these served only to render more striking, by contrast, the general darkness of the portrait.

He had married a lady, who, by the death of her brother, inherited considerable estates, of which the Abbey of St. Clair, and the villa on the borders of  
the

the forest of Fontanville, were the chief. His passion for magnificence and dissipation, however, soon involved him in difficulties, and pointed out to him the convenience of possessing his brother's wealth. His brother and his infant daughter only stood between him and his wishes; how he removed the father has been already related: why he did not employ the same means to secure the child, seems somewhat surprizing, unless we admit that a destiny hung over him on this occasion, and that she was suffered to live as an instrument to punish the murderer of her parent. When a retrospect is taken of the vicissitudes and dangers to which she had been exposed from her earliest infancy, it appears as if her preservation was the effect of something more than human policy, and affords a striking instance, that Justice, however long delayed, will overtake the guilty.

While

While the late unhappy Marquis was suffering at the Abbey, his brother, who, to avoid suspicion, remained in the north of France, delayed the execution of his horrid purpose from a timidity natural to a mind not yet inured to enormous guilt. Before he dared to deliver his final orders, he waited to know whether the story he contrived to propagate of his brother's death, would veil his crime from suspicion. It succeeded but too well; for the servant, whose life had been spared that he might relate the tale, naturally enough concluded that his Lord had been murdered by a banditti; and the peasant, who, a few hours after, found the servant wounded, bleeding, and bound to a tree, and knew also that this spot was infested by robbers, as naturally believed him, and spread the report accordingly.

From this period the Marquis, to whom the Abbey of St. Clair belonged, in right  
of

of his wife, visited it only twice, and that at distant times, till after an interval of several years, he accidentally found La Motte its inhabitant. He resided at Paris, and on his estate in the north, except that once a year he usually passed a month at his delightful villa on the borders of the forest. In the busy scenes of the Court, and in the dissipations of pleasure, he tried to lose the remembrance of his guilt; but there were times when the voice of conscience would be heard, though it was soon again lost in the tumult of the world.

It is probable, that, on the night of his abrupt departure from the Abbey, the solitary silence and gloom of the hour, in a place which had been the scene of his former crime, called up the remembrance of his brother with a force too powerful for fancy, and awakened horrors which compelled him to quit the polluted spot. If it was so, it is however certain that the spectres of conscience vanished with the dark-

darkness; for on the following day, he returned to the Abbey, though it may be observed, he never attempted to pass another night there. But though terror was roused for a transient moment, neither pity nor repentance succeeded, since, when the discovery of Adeline's birth excited apprehension for his own life, he did not hesitate to repeat the crime, and would again have stained his soul with human blood. This discovery was effected by means of a seal, bearing the arms of her mother's family, which was impressed on the note his servant had found, and had delivered to him at Caux. It may be remembered, that having read this note, he was throwing it from him in the fury of jealousy; but that, after examining it again, it was carefully deposited in his pocket-book. The violent agitation which a suspicion of this terrible truth occasioned, deprived him for a while of all power to act. When he was  
well

well enough to write, he dispatched a letter to D'Aunoy, the purport of which has been already mentioned. From D'Aunoy he received the confirmation of his fear. Knowing that his life must pay the forfeiture of his crime, should Adeline ever obtain a knowledge of her birth, and not daring again to confide in the secrecy of a man who had once deceived him, he resolved, after some deliberation, on her death. He immediately set out for the Abbey, and gave those directions concerning her, which terror for his own safety, still more than a desire of retaining her estates, suggested.

As the history of the seal which revealed the birth of Adeline is rather remarkable, it may not be amiss to mention, that it was stolen from the Marquis, together with a gold watch, by Jean D'Aunoy: the watch was soon disposed of, but the seal had been kept as a pretty

pretty trinket by his wife, and at her death went with Adeline among her clothes to the convent. Adeline had carefully preserved it, because it had once belonged to the woman whom she believed to have been her mother.

## CHAP.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

“While anxious doubt distracts the tortur’d heart.”

WE now return to the course of the narrative and to Adeline, who was carried from the court to the lodging of Madame de la Motte. Madame was, however, at the Chatelet, with her husband, suffering all the distress which the sentence pronounced against him might be supposed to inflict. The feeble frame of Adeline, so long harrassed by grief and fatigue, almost sunk under the agitation which the discovery of her birth excited. Her feelings on this occasion were too complex to be analysed. From an orphan, subsisting on the bounty of others, without family, with few friends,  
and

and pursued by a cruel and powerful enemy, she saw herself suddenly transformed to the daughter of an illustrious house, and the heiress of immense wealth. But she learned also that her father had been murdered—murdered in the prime of his days—murdered by means of his brother, against whom she must now appear, and in punishing the destroyer of her parent doom her uncle to death.

When she remembered the manuscript so singularly found, and considered that when she wept to the sufferings it described, her tears had flowed for those of her father, her emotion cannot easily be imagined. The circumstances attending the discovery of these papers no longer appeared to be a work of chance, but of a Power whose designs are great and just. “O my father!” she would exclaim, “your last wish is fulfilled—“the pitying heart you wished might trace your sufferings shall avenge them.”

On

On the return of Madame La Motte, Adeline endeavoured, as usual, to suppress her own emotions, that she might soothe the affliction of her friend. She related what had passed in the court after the departure of La Motte, and thus caused, even in the sorrowful heart of Madame, a momentary gleam of satisfaction. Adeline determined to recover, if possible, the manuscript. On inquiry she learned that La Motte, in the confusion of his departure, had left it among other things at the Abbey. This circumstance much distressed her, the more so, because she believed its appearance might be of importance on the approaching trial: she determined, however, if she should recover her rights, to have the manuscript sought for.

In the evening Louis joined this mournful party: he came immediately from his father, whom he left more tranquil than he had been since the fatal sentence was pronounced. After a silent  
and

and melancholy supper they separated for the night, and Adeline, in the solitude of her chamber, had leisure to meditate on the discoveries of this eventful day. The sufferings of her dead father, such as she had read them recorded by his *own hand*, pressed most forcibly to her thoughts. The narrative had formerly so much affected her heart, and interested her imagination, that her memory now faithfully reflected each particular circumstance there disclosed. But when she considered that she had been in the very chamber where her parent had suffered, where even his life had been sacrificed, and that she had probably seen the very dagger, seen it stained with rust, the rust of blood ! by which he had fallen, the anguish and horror of her mind defied all control.

On the following day Adeline received orders to prepare for the prosecution of the Marquis de Montalt, which was to commence as soon as the requisite wit-

nesses could be collected. Among these were the Abbess of the Convent, who had received her from the hands of D'Aunoy; Madame La Motte, who was present when Du Bosse compelled her husband to receive Adeline; and Peter, who had not only been witness to this circumstance, but who had conveyed her from the Abbey that she might escape the designs of the Marquis. La Motte, and Theodore La Luc, were incapacitated by the sentence of the law from appearing on the trial.

When La Motte was informed of the discovery of Adeline's birth, and that her father had been murdered at the Abbey of St. Clair, he instantly remembered, and mentioned to his wife, the skeleton he found in the stone room leading to the subterranean cells. Neither of them doubted, from the situation in which it lay hid in a chest in an obscure room strongly guarded, that La Motte had seen the remains of the late Marquis.

Madame,

Madame, however, determined not to shock Adeline with the mention of this circumstance till it should be necessary to declare it on the trial.

As the time of this trial drew near, the distress and agitation of Adeline increased. Though justice demanded the life of the murderer, and though the tenderness and pity which the idea of her father called forth, urged her to avenge his death, she could not, without horror, consider herself as the instrument of dispensing that justice which would deprive a fellow-being of existence; and there were times when she wished the secret of her birth had never been revealed. If this sensibility was, in her peculiar circumstances, a weakness, it was at least an amiable one, and as such deserves to be revered.

The accounts she received from Vaceau of the health of M. La Luc did not contribute to tranquillize her mind. The symptoms described by Clara seemed

to say that he was in the last stage of a consumption, and the grief of Theodore and herself on this occasion was expressed in her letters with the lively eloquence so natural to her. Adeline loved and revered La Luc for his own worth, and for the parental tenderness he had shewn her, but he was still dearer to her as the father of Theodore, and her concern for his declining state was not inferior to that of his children. It was increased by the reflection that she had probably been the means of shortening his life; for she too well knew that the distress occasioned him by the situation in which it had been her misfortune to involve Theodore, had shattered his frame to its present infirmity. The same cause also withheld him from seeking in the climate of Montpellier the relief he had formerly been taught to expect there. When she looked round on the condition of her friends, her heart was almost overwhelmed with the prospect;

it

It seemed as if she was destined to involve all those most dear to her in calamity. With respect to La Motte, whatever were his vices, and whatever the designs in which he had formerly engaged against her, she forgot them all in the service he had finally rendered her, and considered it to be as much her duty, as she felt it to be her inclination, to intercede in his behalf. This, however, in her present situation, she could not do with any hope of success; but if the suit, upon which depended the re-establishment of her rank, her fortune, and consequently her influence, should be decided in her favour, she determined to throw herself at the king's feet, and, when she pleaded the cause of Theodore, ask the life of La Motte.

A few days preceding that of the trial, Adeline was informed a stranger desired to speak with her, and on going to the room where he was, she found M. Verneuil. Her countenance expressed both  
surprise

surprise and satisfaction at this unexpected meeting, and she inquired, though with little expectation of an affirmative, if he had heard of M. La Luc. "I have seen him," said M. Verneuil; "I am just come from Vaceau. But I am sorry I cannot give you a better account of his health. He is greatly altered since I saw him before."

Adeline could scarcely refrain from tears at the recollection these words revived of the calamities which had occasioned this lamented change. M. Verneuil delivered her a packet from Clara; as he presented it he said, "Beside this introduction to your notice, I have a claim of a different kind, which I am proud to assert, and which will, perhaps, justify the permission I ask of speaking upon your affairs."—Adeline bowed, and M. Verneuil, with a countenance expressive of the most tender solicitude, added, that he had heard of the late proceeding of the parliament of Paris and  
of

of the discoveries that so intimately concerned her. "I know not," continued he, "whether I ought to congratulate or condole with you on this trying occasion. That I sincerely sympathize in all that concerns you, I hope you will believe, and I cannot deny myself the pleasure of telling you that I am related, though distantly, to the late Marchioness, your mother; for that *she was your mother*, I cannot doubt."

Adeline rose hastily and advanced towards M. Verneuil; surprize and satisfaction re-animated her features. "Do I, indeed, see a relation?" said she, in a sweet and tremulous voice, "and one whom I can welcome as a friend?" Tears trembled in her eyes; and she received M. Verneuil's embrace in silence. It was some time before her emotion would permit her to speak.

To Adeline, who from her earliest infancy had been abandoned to strangers, a forlorn and helpless orphan; who had  
never

never till lately known a relation, and who then found one in the person of an inveterate enemy, to her this discovery was as delightful as unexpected. But after struggling for some time with the various emotions that pressed upon her heart, she begged M. Verneuil's permission to withdraw till she could recover composure. He would have taken leave, but she entreated him not to go.

The interest which M. Verneuil took in the concerns of La Luc, which was strengthened by his increasing regard for Clara, had drawn him to Vaceau, where he was informed of the family and peculiar circumstances of Adeline. On receiving this intelligence he immediately set out for Paris, to offer his protection and assistance to his newly-discovered relation, and to aid, if possible, the cause of Theodore.

Adeline in a short time returned, and could then bear to converse on the subject of her family. M. Verneuil offered her his support

support and assistance, if they should be found necessary. "But I trust," added he, "to the justness of your cause, and hope it will not require any adventurous aid. To those who remember the late Marchioness, your features bring sufficient evidence of your birth. As a proof that my judgment in this instance is not biased by prejudice, the resemblance struck me when I was in Savoy, though I knew the Marchioness only by her portrait; and I believe I mentioned to M. La Luc, that you often reminded me of a deceased relation. You may form some judgment of this yourself," added M. Verneuil, taking a miniature from his pocket. "This was your amiable mother."

Adeline's countenance changed; she received the picture eagerly, gazed on it for a long time in silence, and her eyes filled with tears. It was not the resemblance she studied, but the countenance

—the mild and beautiful countenance of her parent, whose blue eyes, full of tender sweetness, seemed bent upon her's; while a soft smile played on her lips. Adeline pressed the picture to her's, and again gazed in silent reverie. At length, with a deep sigh, she said, "This  
 "surely *was* my mother. Had she *but*  
 "lived, O my poor father! you had  
 "been spared." This reflection quite overcame her, and she burst into tears. M. Verneuil did not interrupt her grief, but took her hand and sat by her, without speaking, till she became more composed. Again kissing the picture, she held it out to him with a hesitating look.  
 "No," said he, "it is already with its  
 "true owner." She thanked him with a smile of ineffable sweetness, and after some conversation on the subject of the approaching trial, on which occasion she requested M. Verneuil would support her by his presence, he withdrew, having  
 begged.

begged leave to repeat his visit on the following day.

Adeline now opened her packet, and saw once more the well known characters of Theodore; for a moment she felt as if in his presence, and the conscious blush overspread her cheek; with a trembling hand she broke the seal, and read the tenderest assurances and solitudes of his love; she often paused, that she might prolong the sweet emotions which these assurances awakened; but while tears of tenderness stood trembling on her eye-lids, the bitter recollection of his situation would return, and they fell in anguish on her bosom.

He congratulated her, and with peculiar delicacy, on the prospects of life which were opening to her; said every thing that might tend to animate and support her, but avoided dwelling on his own circumstances, except by expressing his sense of the zeal and kindness of his commanding officer, and adding,

that he did not despair of finally obtaining a pardon.

This hope, though but faintly expressed, and written evidently for the purpose of consoling Adeline, did not entirely fail of the desired effect. She yielded to its enchanting influence, and forgot for a while the many subjects of care and anxiety which surrounded her. Theodore said little of his father's health; what he did say was by no means so discouraging, as the accounts of Clara, who, less anxious to conceal a truth that must give pain to Adeline, expressed, without reserve, all her apprehension and concern.

CHAP.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

——— "Heaven is just!

"And when the measure of his crimes is full,

"Will bare its red right arm, and launch its  
"lightnings."

MASON.

THE day of the trial so anxiously awaited, and on which the fate of so many persons depended, at length arrived. Adeline, accompanied by M. Verneuil, and Madame la Motte, appeared as the prosecutor of the Marquis de Montalt; and D'Aunoy, Du Boffe, Louis de la Motte, and several other persons, as witnesses in her cause. The judges were some of the most distinguished in France; and the advocates on both sides men of eminent abilities. On a trial of such importance, the court,

as

as may be imagined, was crowded with persons of distinction, and the spectacle it presented was strikingly solemn, yet magnificent.

When she appeared before the tribunal, Adeline's emotion surpassed all the arts of disguise, but adding to the natural dignity of her air an expression of soft timidity, and to her downcast eyes a sweet confusion, it rendered her an object still more interesting; and she attracted the universal pity and admiration of the assembly. When she ventured to raise her eyes, she perceived that the Marquis was not yet in the court, and while she awaited his appearance in trembling expectation, a confused murmuring rose in a distant part of the hall. Her spirits now almost forsook her; the certainty of seeing immediately, and consciously, the murderer of her father, chilled her with horror, and she was with difficulty preserved from fainting. A low sound now ran through  
the

the court, and an air of confusion appeared, which was soon communicated to the tribunal itself. Several of the members arose, some left the hall, the whole place exhibited a scene of disorder, and a report at length reached Adeline that the Marquis de Montalt was dying. A considerable time elapsed in uncertainty; but the confusion continued; the Marquis did not appear; and at Adeline's desire M. Verneuil went in quest of more positive information.

He followed a crowd which was hurrying towards the Chatelet, and with some difficulty gained admittance into the prison; but the porter at the gate, whom he had bribed for a passport, could give him no certain information on the subject of his inquiry, and not being at liberty to quit his post, furnished M. Verneuil with only a vague direction to the Marquis's apartment. The courts were silent and deserted,  
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but.

but as he advanced, a distant hum of voices led him on, till perceiving several persons running towards a staircase which appeared beyond the archway of a long passage, he followed thither, and learned that the Marquis was certainly dying. The staircase was filled with people; he endeavoured to press through the crowd, and after much struggle and difficulty, he reached the door of an anti-room which communicated with the apartment where the Marquis lay, and whence several persons now issued. Here he learned that the object of his inquiry was already dead. M. Verneuil, however, pressed through the anti-room to the chamber, where lay the Marquis on a bed surrounded by officers of the law, and two notaries, who appeared to have been taking down depositions. His countenance was suffused with a black, and deadly hue, and impressed with the horrors of death; M. Verneuil turned away, shocked by the spectacle, and on inquiry

inquiry heard that the Marquis had died by poison.

It appeared that, convinced he had nothing to hope from his trial, he had taken this method of avoiding an ignominious death. In the last hours of life, while tortured with the remembrance of his crime, he resolved to make all the atonement that remained for him, and having swallowed the potion, he immediately sent for a confessor to take a full confession of his guilt, and two notaries, and thus established Adeline beyond dispute in the rights of her birth; also bequeathing her a considerable legacy.

In consequence of these depositions she was soon after formally acknowledged as the daughter and heiress of Henry Marquis de Montalt, and the rich estates of her father were restored to her. She immediately threw herself at the feet of the king in behalf of Theodore and of La Motte. The character of the former,

former, the cause in which he had risked his life, and the occasion of the late Marquis's enmity towards him, were circumstances so notorious, and so forcible, that it was more than probable the monarch would have granted his pardon to a pleader less irresistible than was Adeline de Montalt. Theodore La Luc not only received an ample pardon, but in consideration of his gallant conduct towards Adeline, he was soon after raised to a post of considerable rank in the army.

For La Motte, who had been condemned for the robbery on full evidence, and who had been also charged with the crime which had formerly compelled him to quit Paris, a pardon could not be obtained; but at the earnest supplication of Adeline, and in consideration of the service he had finally rendered her, his sentence was softened from death to banishment. This indulgence, however, would have availed him little, had

had not the noble generosity of Adeline silenced other prosecutions that were preparing against him, and bestowed on him a sum more than sufficient to support his family in a foreign country. This kindness operated so powerfully upon his heart, which had been betrayed through weakness rather than natural depravity, and awakened so keen a remorse for the injuries he had once meditated against a benefactress so noble, that his former habits became odious to him, and his character gradually recovered the hue which it would probably always have worn, had he never been exposed to the tempting dissipations of Paris.

The passion which Louis had so long owned for Adeline was raised almost to adoration by her late conduct; but he now relinquished even the faint hope which he had hitherto almost unconsciously cherished, and, since the life which was granted to Theodore rendered this sacrifice necessary, he could  
not

not repine. He resolved, however, to seek in absence the tranquillity he had lost, and to place his future happiness on that of two persons so deservedly dear to him.

On the eve of his departure La Motte and his family took a very affecting leave of Adeline; he left Paris for England, where it was his design to settle; and Louis, who was eager to fly from her enchantments, set out on the same day for his regiment.

Adeline remained some time at Paris, to settle her affairs, where she was introduced by M. V—— to the few and distant relations that remained of her family. Among these were the Count and Countess D—— and the Mons. Amand, who had so much engaged her pity and esteem at Nice. The lady, whose death he lamented, was of the family of De Montalt; and the resemblance which he had traced between her features and those of Adeline, her cousin, was something  
more

more than the effect of fancy. The death of his elder brother had abruptly recalled him from Italy; but Adeline had the satisfaction to observe, that the heavy melancholy which formerly oppressed him, had yielded to a sort of placid resignation, and that his countenance was often enlivened by a transient gleam of cheerfulness.

The Count and Countess D——, who were much interested by her goodness and beauty, invited her to make their hotel her residence while she remained at Paris.

Her first care was to have the remains of her parent removed from the Abbey of St. Clair, and deposited in the vault of his ancestors.—D'Aunoy was tried, condemned, and hanged, for the murder. At the place of execution he had described the spot where the remains of the Marquis were concealed, which was in the stone room already mentioned, belonging to the Abbey. M. V—— accompanied

accompanied the officers appointed for the  
 search, and attended the ashes of the  
 Marquis to St. Maur, an estate in one of  
 the northern provinces. There they  
 were deposited with the solemn funeral  
 pomp becoming his rank; Adeline at-  
 tended as chief mourner; and this last  
 duty paid to the memory of her parent,  
 she became more tranquil and resigned.  
 The MS. that recorded his sufferings  
 had been found at the Abbey, and deli-  
 vered to her by M. V——, and she pre-  
 served it with the pious enthusiasm so sa-  
 cred a relique deserved.

On her return to Paris, Theodore La  
 Luc, who was come from Montpellier,  
 awaited her arrival. The happiness of  
 this meeting was clouded by the account  
 he brought of his father, whose extreme  
 danger had alone withheld him from  
 hastening the moment he obtained his  
 liberty to thank Adeline for the life she  
 had preserved. She now received him  
 as the friend to whom she was indebted  
 for

for her preservation, and as the lover who deserved, and possessed, her tenderest affection. The remembrance of the circumstances under which they had last met, and of their mutual anguish, rendered more exquisite the happiness of the present moments, when, no longer oppressed by the horrid prospect of ignominious death and final separation, they looked forward only to the smiling days that awaited them, when hand in hand they should tread the flowery scenes of life. The contrast which memory gave of the past with the present, frequently drew tears of tenderness and gratitude to their eyes, and the sweet smile which seemed struggling to dispel from the countenance of Adeline those gems of sorrow, penetrated the heart of Theodore, and brought to his recollection a little song, which in other circumstances he had formerly sung to her. He took up a lute that lay on the table, and, touch-

ing

ing the dulcet chords, accompanied it with the following words :

### S O N G.

The rose that weeps with morning dew,  
And glitters in the sunny ray,  
In tears of smiles resembles you,  
When Love breaks Sorrow's cloud away.

The dews that bend the blushing flow'r,  
Enrich the scent—renew the glow ;  
So Love's sweet tears exalt his pow'r,  
So bliss more brightly shines by woe !

---

Her affection for Theodore had induced Adeline to reject several suitors, which her goodness, beauty, and wealth, had already attracted, and who, though infinitely his superiors in point of fortune, were many of them inferior to him in family, and all of them in merit.

The various and tumultuous emotions which the late events had called forth in the

the bosom of Adeline, were now subsided; but the memory of her father still tinged her mind with a melancholy that time could only subdue; and she refused to listen to the supplications of Theodore till the period she had prescribed for her mourning should be expired. The necessity of rejoining his regiment obliged him to leave Paris within the fortnight after his arrival; but he carried with him assurance of receiving her hand soon after she should lay aside her sable habit, and departed therefore with tolerable composure.

M. La Luc's very precarious state was a source of incessant disquietude to Adeline, and she determined to accompany M. V——, who was now the declared lover of Clara, to Montpellier, whither La Luc had immediately gone on the liberation of his son. For this journey she was preparing when she received from her friend a flattering account of his amendment; and as some farther set-

tlement of her affairs required her presence at Paris, she deferred her design, and M. V—— departed alone.

When Theodore's affairs assumed a more favourable aspect, M. Verneuil had written to La Luc, and communicated to him the secret of his heart respecting Clara. La Luc, who admired and esteemed M. V——, and who was not ignorant of his family connections, was pleased with the proposed alliance; Clara thought she had never seen the person whom she was so much inclined to love; and M. V—— received an answer favourable to his wishes, and which encouraged him to undertake the present journey to Montpellier.

The restoration of his happiness, and the climate of Montpellier, did all for the health of La Luc that his most anxious friends could wish, and he was at length so far recovered as to visit Adeline at her estate of St. Maur. Clara and M. V—— accompanied him, and a cessation of hostilities

tilities between France and Spain soon after permitted Theodore to join this happy party. When La Luc, thus restored to those most dear to him, looked back on the miseries he had escaped, and forward to the blessings that awaited him, his heart dilated with emotions of exquisite joy and gratitude; and his venerable countenance, softened by an expression of complacent delight, exhibited a perfect picture of happy age.

## CHAPTER XXV.

- “ Last came Joy’s ecstatic trial :  
 “ They would have thought who heard the strain,  
 “ They saw in Tempe’s vale her native maids  
 “ Amidst the festal sounding shades,  
 “ To some unwearied minstrel dancing,  
 “ While as his flying fingers kiss’d the strings,  
 “ Love fram’d with Mirth a gay fantastic round.”

ODE TO THE PASSIONS.

**A**DELINE, in the society of friends  
 so beloved, lost the impression of that  
 melancholy which the fate of her parent  
 had occasioned; she recovered all her  
 natural vivacity; and when she threw  
 off the mourning habit which filial piety  
 had required her to assume, she gave her  
 hand to Theodore. The nuptials, which  
 were celebrated at St. Maur, were graced  
 by the presence of the Count and Coun-  
 tess

tefs D——, and La Luc had the supreme felicity of confirming on the same day the flattering destinies of both his children. When the ceremony was over, he blessed and embraced them all with tears of fatherly affection. "I thank thee, O God! that I have been permitted to see this hour;" said he, "whenever it shall please thee to call me hence, I will depart in peace."

"Long, very long, may you be spared to bless your children," replied Adeline. Clara kissed her father's hand and wept: "Long, very long!" she repeated in a voice scarcely audible. La Luc smiled cheerfully, and turned the conversation to a subject less affecting.

But the time now drew nigh when La Luc thought it necessary to return to the duties of his parish, from which he had so long been absent. Madame La Luc too, who had attended him during the period of his danger at Montpellier, and thence returned to Savoy, complained much.

much of the solitude of her life; and this was with her brother an additional motive for his speedy departure. Theodore and Adeline, who could not support the thought of a separation from this venerable parent, endeavoured to persuade him to give up his chateau, and to reside with them in France; but he was held by strong ties to Leloucourt. For many years he had constituted the comfort and happiness of his parishioners; they revered and loved him as a father—he regarded them with an affection little short of parental. The attachment they discovered towards him on his departure was not forgotten either, it had made a deep impression on his mind, and he could not bear the thought of forsaking them now that heaven had showered on him his abundance. “It is sweet to live for them said he, “and “I will also die amongst them.” A sentiment of a still more tender nature—(and let not the stoic prophane it with the

the name of weakness, or the man of the world scorn it as unnatural)—a sentiment still more tender attracted him to Leloucourt—the remains of his wife reposed there.

Since La Luc would not reside in France, Theodore and Adeline, to whom the splendid gaities that courted them at Paris were very inferior temptations to the sweet domestic pleasures and refined society which Leloucourt would afford, determined to accompany La Luc and Monsieur and Madame Verneuil abroad. Adeline arranged her affairs so as to render her residence in France unnecessary; and having bade an affectionate adieu to the Count and Countess D——, and to M. Amand, who had recovered a tolerable degree of cheerfulness, she departed with her friends for Savoy.

They travelled leisurely, and frequently turned out of their way to view whatever was worthy of observation. After a long and pleasant journey, they came  
once

once more within view of the Swiss mountains, the sight of which revived a thousand interesting recollections in the mind of Adeline. She remembered the circumstances and the sensations under which she had first seen them—when an orphan, flying from persecution to seek shelter among strangers, and lost to the only person on earth whom she loved—she remembered this, and the contrast of the present moment struck with all its force upon her heart.

The countenance of Clara brightened into smiles of the most animated delight as she drew near the beloved scenes of her infant pleasures; and Theodore, often looking from the windows, caught with patriotic enthusiasm the magnificent and changing scenery which the receding mountains successively disclosed.

It was evening when they approached within a few miles of Leloncourt, and the road, winding round the foot of a stupendous cragg, presented them a full  
view

view of the lake, and of the peaceful dwelling of La Luc. An exclamation of joy from the whole party announced the discovery, and the glance of pleasure was reflected from every eye. The sun's last light gleamed upon the water that reposed in "crystal purity" below, mellowed every feature of the landscape, and touched with purple splendour the clouds that rolled along the mountain tops.

La Luc welcomed his family to his happy home, and sent up a silent thanksgiving that he was permitted thus to return to it. Adeline continued to gaze upon each well-known object, and again reflecting on the vicissitudes of grief and joy, and the surprising change of fortune, which she had experienced since last she saw them, her heart dilated with gratitude and complacent delight. She looked at Theodore, whom, in these very scenes she had lamented as lost to her for ever; who, when found again, was about

to be torn from her by an ignominious death, but who now sat by her side her secure and happy husband, the pride of his family and herself; and while the sensibility of her heart flowed in tears from her eyes, a smile of ineffable tenderness told him all she felt. He gently pressed her hand, and answered her with a look of love.

Peter, who now rode up to the carriage with a face full of joy and of importance, interrupted a course of sentiment which was become almost too interesting. "Ah! my dear master!" cried he, "welcome home again. Here is the village, God bless it! It is worth a million such places as Paris. Thank St. Jacques, we are all come safe back again!"

The effusion of honest Peter's joy was received and answered with the kindness it deserved. As they drew near the lake music sounded over the water, and they presently saw a large party of the villagers

gers assembled on a green spot that sloped to the very margin of the waves, and dancing in all their holiday finery. It was the evening of a festival. The elder peasants sat under the shade of the trees that crowned this little eminence eating milk and fruits, and watching their sons and daughters frisk it away to the sprightly notes of the tabor and pipe, which was joined by the softer tones of a mandolin.

The scene was highly interesting, and what added to its picturesque beauty was a groupe of cattle that stood, some on the brink, some half in the water, and others reposing on the green bank, while several peasant girls, dressed in the neat simplicity of their country, were dispensing the milky feast. Peter now rode on first, and a crowd soon collected round him, who, learning that their beloved master was at hand, went forth to meet and welcome him. Their warm and honest expressions of joy diffused an exquisite

sited satisfaction over the heart of the good La Luc, who met them with the kindness of a father, and who could scarcely forbear shedding tears to this testimony of attachment. When the younger part of the peasants heard the news of his arrival, the general joy was such, that, led by the tabor and pipe, they danced before his carriage to the chateau, where they again welcomed him and his family with the enlivening strains of music. At the gate of the chateau they were received by Madame La Luc, and a happier party never met.

As the evening was uncommonly mild and beautiful, supper was spread in the garden. When the rapast was over, Clara, whose heart was all glee, proposed a dance by moonlight. "It will be delicious," said she; "the moon-beams are already dancing on the waters. See what a stream of radiance they throw across the lake, and how they

“ they sparkle round that little promontory on the left. The freshness of the hour too invites to dancing.”

They all agreed to the proposal.—

“ And let the good people who have so heartily welcomed us home be called in too.” said La Luc: “ they shall *all* partake our happiness. There is devotion in making others happy, and gratitude ought to make us devout.” Peter, bring more wine, and set some tables under the trees.” Peter flew, and white chairs and tables were placing, Clara ran for her favourite lute, the lute which had formerly afforded her such delight, and which Adeline had often touched with a melancholy expression. Clara’s light hand now ran over the chords, and drew forth tones of tender sweetness, her voice accompanying the following

## A I R.

Now, at Moonlight's fairy hour,  
 When faintly gleams each dewy sleep,  
 And vale and Mountain, lake and bow'r,  
 In solitary grandeur sleep ;

When slowly sinks the evening breeze,  
 That lulls the mind in pensive care,  
 And Fancy loftier visions sees,  
 Bid Music wake the silent air.

Bid the merry, merry tabor sound,  
 And with the Fays of lawn or glade,  
 In tripping circlet beat the ground,  
 Under the high trees' trembling shade.

" Now, at Moonlight's fairy hour,"  
 Shall Music breathe her dulcet voice,  
 And o'er the waves, with magic pow'r,  
 Call on Echo to rejoice.

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Peter, who could not move in a sober  
 step, had already spread refreshments  
 under the trees, and in a short time the  
 lawn was encircled with peasantry. The  
 rural

rural pipe and tabor were placed, at Clara's request, under the shade of her beloved acacias on the margin of the lake; the merry notes of music sounded, Adeline led off the dance, and the mountains answered only to the strains of mirth and melody.

The venerable La Luc sat among the elder peasants, and as he surveyed the scene—his children and people thus assembled round him in one grand compact of harmony and joy—the frequent tear bedewed his cheek, and he seemed to taste the fulness of an exalted delight.

So much was every heart roused to gladness, that the morning dawn began to peep upon the scene of their festivity, when every cottager returned to his home, blessing the benevolence of La Luc.

After passing some weeks with La Luc, M. Verneuil bought a chateau in the village of Leloncourt, and as it was the only one not already occupied, Theodore looked  
ed

ed out for a residence in the neighbourhood. At the distance of a few leagues, on the beautiful banks of the lake of Geneva, where the waters retire into a small bay, he purchased a villa. The Chateau was characterized by an air of simplicity and taste, rather than of magnificence, which, however, was the chief trait in the surrounding scene. The Chateau was almost encircled with woods, which, forming a grand amphitheatre, swept down to the water's edge, and abounded with wild and romantic walks. Here nature was suffered to sport in all her beautiful luxuriance, except where here and there the hand of art formed the foliage to admit a view of the blue waters of the lake, with a white sail that glided by, or of the distant mountains. In front of the Chateau the woods opened to a lawn, and the eye was suffered to wander over the lake, whose bosom presented an ever-moving picture, while its varied margin, sprinkled with villas, woods, and towns, and

and crowned beyond with the snowy and sublime Alps, rising point behind point in awful confusion, exhibited a scenery of almost unequalled magnificence.

Here, contemning the splendour of false happiness, and possessing the pure and rational delights of a love, refined into the most tender friendship, surrounded by the friends so dear to them, and visited by a select and enlightened society—here, in the very bosom of felicity, lived Theodore and Adeline La Luc.

The passion of Louis de La Motte yielded at length to the powers of absence and necessity. He still loved Adeline, but it was with the placid tenderness of friendship, and when at the earliest invitation of Theodore, he visited the villa, he beheld their happiness with a satisfaction unalloyed by any emotion of envy. He afterwards married a lady of some fortune at Geneva, and resigning his  
com-

commission in the French service, settled on the borders of the lake, and increased the social delights of Theodore and Adeline.

Their former lives afforded an example of trials well endured—and their present, of virtues greatly rewarded; and this reward they continued to deserve—for not to themselves was their happiness contracted, but diffused to all who came within the sphere of their influence. The indigent and unhappy rejoiced in their benevolence, the virtuous and enlightened in their friendship, and their children in parents whose example impressed upon their hearts the precepts offered to their understandings.

E I N I S.



[ 1 ]

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